

THE NEW NORTH.

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MORE MADISON MATTER.

Afterthoughts Of The Inauguration And Its Meanings.

Having come into its own again, the Republican party of Wisconsin seems to have renewed its youth. An impartial observer of the crowd that thronged the Capitol during inaugural week would have seen much to inspire confidence in the future of the State under Republican auspices. That crowd was big, jubilant and enthusiastic, but it was good natured, well behaved and temperate. It was a representative gathering, coming from all quarters of the state and drawn from all classes. It was chiefly composed of young men; there were, indeed, both bald heads and gray beards but their owners would hardly be classed with the oldtimers. Such men as Phillet Sawyer, Henry C. Payne, Henry B. Harshaw and Ed. C. McPetridge were notably absent; neither was ex-Senator Spooner there but the younger rank and file were out in force, active, earnest, sturdy, brainy men who were evidently impressed by the importance of the issues of the day yet resolute in their determination to meet them honestly and squarely. Some fear has been expressed lest, with its overwhelming Republican majority, the legislature would indulge in reckless legislation, but I do not think such danger need be apprehended. It would be singular if so large a body did not include some crank of the rule or ruin breeds, but if there are any such in the legislature, their influence will be too limited to overbalance the strong common sense and political sagacity that form a marked characteristic of the majority.

As was to be expected, the bulk of the crowd was of Republican affiliation, the few Democrats in attendance being mainly attaches of the outgoing administration or the few Democratic legislators elect. That they did not enter into the spirit of the occasion with the zest of the dominant faction was evident enough. No man should be blamed for being depressed at his own funeral, and particularly in the presence of his mother-in-law. But in the performance of his somewhat trying duties Governor Peck exhibited a courtesy and good taste that was the subject of much flattering comment. And here let me pause to remark that the Republican Press of this state has reason to congratulate itself upon refusing to retaliate upon Governor Peck for the malignant assaults that were so extensively made upon Governor Upham. So far as I know, no attempt was made by either Republican papers or speakers to traduce his character or to defame his record. And this is a matter for congratulation, for he is a gentleman and an honest man; he has been ruined by the bad political company he has kept.

The ordeal through which Governor Upham was compelled to pass was hardly less embarrassing. He was at all times the observed of all observers, the hub around which everything and everybody else revolved, the great magnet toward which universal attention was attracted. All his actions were photographed, all his words were recorded and inspected, repeated and commented upon by critics not always friendly. The awkwardness of such conditions were enhanced by the fact that as a political office holder, Governor Upham is a novice; he is destitute of the art of posing for effect and, fortunately, never attempts to do so. Therein is his great strength. He is not an orator and knows it; he is not a politician and disclaims it; he is a soldier, educated and brave who, after the fighting was over, graduated from the army into business and who now, without prior political training, seats himself in the gubernatorial chair. But he has taken his business methods with him and holds in reserve, to be used should occasion require, his old time fighting facilities. In all this he is perfectly natural and thereby has added materially to his strength. I noticed a characteristic fact, typical of the naturalness and loyalty of the man. When he left his home at Marshfield to take possession of his office, a very respectable army of his townsmen and townswomen attended. Doubtless their joy over his victory was equal to his own while their evidence of it was infinitely less restrained. They had been his neighbors and friends for years and to them he was always "Bill" Upham. So along they came resolved to celebrate or die in the attempt they celebrated effectually and when the celebration was over and they prepared to return, the Governor

of the State of Wisconsin, not as Governor but as "Bill" Upham, accompanied them to the station and exchanged friendly partings with as little parade of official assumption as if he had never been elected by the largest majority ever given by the people of this state.

The favorable impression made by Governor Upham throughout the inaugural ceremonies was intensified by his message to the legislature and his method of delivering it. Of late years, the Governor has contented himself with sending to the legislature a copy of his address which, in such cases, would be read by the clerk, but Governor Upham, very wisely, I think, chose to return to the old style and delivered it himself before a highly distinguished audience consisting of both houses of the legislature, the justices of the Supreme court, the official functionaries and numerous private citizens. The ceremony was interesting and the message well worthy of the occasion. It was one of the best that has ever emanated from a Governor of this state and produced a profound sensation.

Governor Upham has made a good start and, I predict will gain steadily in the confidence of the people who want the administration of state affairs brought down to and kept upon a business basis. To this end I have no doubt that he will receive the sincere support of the legislature and the department. I believe I voice the general sentiment in making the assertion that his staff of assistants throughout the various departments is made up of men of superior experience and ability. There has been a tremendous pressure to withstand in filling the list of appointive offices but since that task is accomplished, or nearly so, impartial critics must admit that it has been well done. No doubt many have been disappointed but disappointment was anticipated and must always result when the office seekers outnumber the offices by ten to one. Some very deserving and efficient Republicans have failed to secure places, a fact greatly to be regretted but which could not be helped. The appointments have, uniformly, been carefully and sagaciously made and, with some few exceptions, could not be bettered. The naming of Col. Anderson as Governor's Private Secretary and of Jerre C. Murphy as Assistant Rail Road Commissioner was particularly happy and has given great satisfaction.

The opening days of the session have been marked by the usual flood of bills. Of these, two deserve more than incidental mention, namely, the bill to prohibit the issue of passes to members of the legislature, introduced by Mr. Hall, of Dunn county, and the bill for the appointment of a commission for the purpose of redistricting the state after the next census, introduced by Mr. Mohr of Columbia. The pass abuse has grown into a gigantic evil that should be abated and the quicker the better. But the prohibition should not be restricted to the members of the legislature; it should include our judges and the higher state officers in fact, everyone whose official actions or sympathies may be influenced by such favors.

The appointment of Mr. Mohr is timely. The people of this state certainly have recently had an object lesson in gerrymandering that should never be forgotten; let the Republican party now frame such legislation as will effectively prevent its repetition either by the Democratic, Republican or any other party. I believe that there can be honesty in politics and that the Republican party should always sincerely represent that honesty. Our policy, therefore, should be not only to refuse to imitate the late Democratic gerrymander but make it impossible for any other party to imitate it in the future. Trickery can never be more than temporarily successful nor can any party long retain public confidence unless its principles appeal to the conscience and reason of the people.

EUGENE S. ELLIOTT.

Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment. It is a certain cure for Chronic Sore Eyes, Granulated Eye Lids, Sore Nipples, Piles, Eczema, Tetter, Salt Rheum and Scald Head, 25 cents per box. For sale by druggists.

TO HOMEOWNERS.

For putting a horse in a fine healthy condition try Dr. Cady's Condition Powder. They tone up the system, aid digestion, cure loss of appetite, relieve constipation, correct kidney disorders and destroy worms, giving new life to an old or over worked horse. 25 cents per package. For sale by druggists.

NEW ELECTRIC RAILWAY.

A Patent Out for a System Which Will Revolutionize Travel.

E. S. Shepard of this city has invented and patented a new kind of an electric railroad. In talking of the advantages for the contrivance over the ordinary mode of transportation he enumerated that the cost of its construction is less than the ordinary railroads in use.

It is constructed almost wholly of wood and that of varieties that are not marketable, viz: Tamarack trees, simply peeled, and left in the round, this form being much stronger than square of the same size. The car is elevated at least fourteen feet from the ground and varies in height according to the nature of the ground over which the road is built. The height of grade is conformed to by lengthening or shortening of the main supporters which are resting on piles driven hard into the ground about two feet high with a cap upon each pair of piles, which are sixteen and a half feet apart longitudinally, and transversely, twenty-four feet. The main timbers upon which the tracks are secured, stand meeting at the top and are firmly framed and bolted together and each lower end rests on the cap of the respective piles which are twenty-four feet apart, and the frame when constructed forms a letter A. Each side of the A supports a track and the space between supports an iron rail track the same as an ordinary railroad, and is supported by the joist braces forming the cross in the A as it were. On the top of the frames thus constructed a shingle roof is built eighteen feet wide which covers the whole of the track and frame timbers thus making the lasting qualities much greater.

The cars are expected to make at least one hundred miles per hour. The tire surface bearing is about eighteen or twenty inches wide as the wheels are the same or nearly so of the common bicycle only they are six feet high and the pneumatic tires are about ten inches in diameter, and runs in a groove constructed on the same plan as a bowling alley, for the lower track, and a double groove for the upper track upon which the belt of the car rests. The motive power is electricity and the brake force is a seven feet air fan, and the stops are made without strain on the trucks, wheels or track and accomplished with an exact nicety. The car is also equipped with an appliance used similar to the air cushions upon a common door, only it resembles a shot gun fired at a saw mill so that cars can run together at a rapid rate without much inconvenience as it stops so easily within the length of each plunger which are always extended so as to be ready for such an accident. The large air fan ordinarily which is always in motion when the car is not standing still also serves to assist locomotion and beats air into an air chamber that is connected with a four inch tube that is always pointed into the groove in front of the car and a veritable cyclone is directed so as to remove any obstructions from the groove or track, as the end of the nozzle of the tube is supplied with a pad of thin strong steel that whirled the air current then giving the current a centrifugal motion, and acts as a cow catcher without allowing the car to come in contact with the object on the track.

The form of the car is cigar shaped with eighteen double seats on the inside, four feet wide to accommodate two passengers each, the aisle is two feet wide and on the outside side away from the track. Each car has room for thirty-six passengers and each pair enters a door opposite each seat. Thus a car can be loaded and unloaded in one fifth of the time as ordinary and with no pushing, shoving or crowding. There is also an electric machine enabling the operator of the car to communicate with any car on the line at all times or with the commercial world, the wires of which are so closely supported and at so close a proximity with the car that this can easily be accomplished. There are several safeguards attached to the car to prevent accidents so that even if the wheels should break and fly to pieces there is a shoe that would catch the car and slide along in the groove until the friction thus caused would stop the car.

Mr. Shepard claims that ten times the travel can be accommodated with his style of railroad at the same or less the expense of the ordinary mode of transportation. That the same power plants and tracks as well as wires can be utilized

in construction that are used in the ordinary electric car tracks, and it is calculated that cars can be dispatched singly with mail, express and passengers every fifteen minutes. The car is made of sheet steel or aluminum, it has a steel chest burglar proof with time locks for each passenger as well as for mail and valuable express.

Certainly the drawings of this equipment appear to be practicable as nothing is utilized except appliances and forces that are in constant use in nearly every town, but it is a combination of such valuable inventions put together to make up the machine. N. Didier, of the Rhinelander Iron Co., has become financially interested with Mr. Shepard in the enterprise.

A Local Story in One Chapter.

Down in the basement of the old opera house building is a man upon whom misfortune has been visited in manifold ways. He has never seen the light and years ago an accident rendered him unconscious of sound. He learned to make brooms and weave carpets. Despite his double affliction he is an expert at both the trades and manipulates the needle or shuttle with a deftness and speed which is seldom excelled by men possessed of sight. His system of placing things where his hand will unerringly reach them is marvellous. He has the various colors which go to make up a carpet so arranged that he never hesitates and never makes a mistake, providing he is correctly told, by a wonderful hand language of his own, what the colors are when he puts them in the rack. His hand language is the only method by which he can be communicated with. It is simple in construction and he can "receive" with ease from the speediest operator. Aglow on his left hand has twenty-six holes cut in it. Each hole represents a letter and by playing on the glove as one would on a cash register or a type writer, words are spelled and thoughts conveyed. A bright boy of fourteen, who enjoyed watching the blind weaver, stayed around the place a great deal. He would the big rag bobbins, ran errands and as he soon became an expert at the glove language, customers would communicate through him their instructions in regard to arrangement of colors and other details of their carpets. But the boy's mother thought school a better place. The blind man missed his young friend but never knew why he didn't come. A friend of the weaver's named Hoffman, who was out of work during the dull season, took the boy's place at the bobbin rack. It was a cruel fate that sent him there. Hoffman was color blind. He couldn't tell red from old gold. He placed the colors in the rack and the poor blind weaver delivered a carpet to a South Park customer the next week that looked like a tariff bill which would be satisfactory to all the Democrats in Congress.

Beach & Bowers' Minstrels.

Foster's Opera House.—Beach & Bowers' minstrels were greeted with a full house last night, and gave an entertainment that entirely pleased the large audience. The company embraces artists of acknowledged reputation, and their fine band is a great attraction of itself. This is their second visit here within a short time, and their flattering reception speaks well for them.—Des Moines State Register.

Beach & Bowers' minstrels gave a highly satisfactory entertainment at the Ninth Street Theatre last night. The performance is more like a genuine burnt cork entertainment than anything of the kind seen here this season. While not claiming the earth, the entertainment gives better satisfaction than many so-called "mastodons," "champions," and other specially shows masquerading as minstrels.—Kansas City News.

Temperance Lecture.

Rev. W. H. Clark, Grand Chief Templar of the Independent Order of Good Templars of Wisconsin will deliver an address on the question of temperance, at the M. E. church, next Monday and Tuesday evening, Jan'y 29 and 30. Everybody is invited.

A Card of Thanks.

To the many kind friends and neighbors and the people generally, who have been so kind to me in my recent affliction, I desire to express my heartfelt thanks.

Mrs. E. C. PAYOR.

Notice.

Send in your old overcoat and winter suits and have them dyed, cleaned and repaired and made to look like new. Ladies wear also colored and cleaned.

AXEL LINDBGREN,
Rhinelander, Wis.

FISH AND GAME LAWS.

The Present Statutes In No Way Prevent The Destroying Of The State Game.

C. M. Chambers, of this city, who is a true sportsman, an intelligent man who has made the study of fish and game preservation a study for a long time, has the following to say in regard to proposed changes and present laws on this matter:

A committee having been appointed on this important matter, I feel it to be the time to offer some suggestions on the situation. With some slight modifications, such as making them conform to the Michigan and Minnesota game laws as to open and close season, and privilege of fishing lakes and streams that have been stocked at state or government expense, our laws regarding game and fish are all right, and if the laws were enforced as they should be, and I may say, could be, we should not have so much difficulty over them.

Granted the right of every citizen to own property and to lease fishing and shooting privileges, to any person, under certain conditions, we must not forget the game and fish are public property, belonging to the whole people, who are taxed according to their possessions to maintain these laws as well as other expenses connected with good government.

Regarding fish it is quite well understood that to take a certain portion of any stream, no matter how large, or how small that stream may be, construct what you may to confine within reasonable limits the fish that may be there, and in an incredibly short period of time the fish have all disappeared or nearly so, so as to make that part of the stream worthless for fishing; but give the fish their freedom, let them go up stream as far as they can, and always will, to their spawning beds, and no amount of legitimate fishing will exhaust the stream.

It is the violator of our laws that robs our lakes and streams, and they ought to be, and would be, if those whose duty it is to run them down, would only perform that duty.

It may be said, and probably will be, that it is every man's duty to enforce good laws, and who does not agree to this, but where is the individual who will take such responsibility of being made a sufferer later on, in some other way.

It seems to me we are in danger of class legislation in these matters, and with all due respect for the shooting and fishing clubs of the country, we should not forget that because they are wealthy enough to buy or lease the best grounds and the best waters, this system carried out will eventually result in depriving the large majority of people from ever taking a trial with rod or gun.

It is asking too much to ask the American people to stand idly by until this state of affairs has actually taken place, and then rise up as one man and say such things cannot, shall not be.

The people will stand a great deal and they adopt a great many foreign ways, but the limit is reached when the people of this state, or any other, yes, of the United States, are asked to maintain at a great expense Fish and Game Commission with special built cars for the purpose, distributing fry all over the United States and especially the state of Wisconsin, and they have deposited fry in every lake and stream with any favorable recommendation to try to increase our resources in this direction. The maintenance of fish hatcheries, the pay of men in charge, of game wardens, whose principal duty seems to have been to draw his salary, and now the game clubs will ask you to make further laws regarding game and fish. I don't know what they are, but I anticipate they will be largely for their benefit. They don't need them. Their money can buy better facilities than the people generally ever want. Investigation as to these clubs and the value of a membership in almost any of them will show the investment has paid, and a membership originally costing \$25 has increased in value 200 per cent, and in some cases even more. Their rules regarding membership are arbitrary, and not every one seeking admission to membership gains it.

I do not think I am mistaken when I say the people want game protected, and properly so, but they do not want to pay their money and get no returns.

One case has come under my notice, and there are many similar cases I know, where the fish commissioners' car with trout fry has made two or more trips in the past four years and deposited thousands of fry each time,

Last year a club of Chicago people leased the land through which this stream runs, posted the stream, set men to watch it and would allow no one, not a member of their club to fish there. This stream has been logged and driven every year until last year, and has three reservoir dams and is a most excellent stream to fish and for fish, and with the enforcement of our present game laws, would always be a good stream for fish, and would afford rest and recreation for many tired and weary men and women, but as it now is, the fishing is secured to the members of that club and their friends alone. Is this right or equitable, or just? Emphatically no.

The fish there as elsewhere belong to the people, they have paid for the stocking of this stream, and many others, and should enjoy the results for all time to come. No person would object to any man or men making a stream, if they could, or taking some stream not already stocked at the people's expense, let the club stock it and hold it if they so desire. But, with our present complete facilities, and the enforcement of good laws, laws for the people, and by the people, there will be game and fish for all. If, however, the people are to be at this great expense that a few organized clubs may enjoy these privileges exclusively, it would not be asking too much, to abandon the hatcheries, abolish the officers and let those who enjoy all the privileges pay for them, taxing such club membership and property according to its present value.

C. M. C.

W. C. T. U. Entertainment.

The following program has been prepared for the entertainment to be given by the W. C. T. U. at the residence of J. C. Wixon, Brown St., tomorrow evening. All are invited.

Prayer.....Rev. D. C. Savage.
1 Instrumental.....Christmas Bells.
2 Recitation—How Jamie came home from war.....Miss Blanche Owens.
3 Solo.....Mrs. Hamilton.
4 Recitation—How he saved St. Michael.....Miss Nellie Cole.
5 Piano Duet—Selected.....Blanche Owens and Harry Woodard.
6 Recitation—Buy your cherries.....Miss Snyder.

Refreshments.....Maidie Parish, Supt. Parish Meetings.

Here is the car load of groceries you have to buy of Langdon to get thirty pounds of granulated sugar for one dollar:

20 pounds of granulated sugar.....	\$1.00
2 " " " good tea.....	50
1 " " " pepper.....	25
1 " " " mustard.....	25
20 " " " patent flour.....	50
1 " " " 4x coffee.....	25
1 bushel " potatoes.....	60
5 bars of Q. P. soap.....	25
1 package of gold dust.....	25
1 can of tomatoes.....	10
1 can of corn.....	10
2 pounds of Prunes.....	15
3 " " " dairy butter.....	60

Five dollars takes the whole list.

Along with his other accomplishments, Ben Sweet is a crack shot with the rifle. His skill came in good play with him last Tuesday, when he was tramping through the woods near Park Falls, Wis. He had shot a couple of rabbits and was taking them to camp, when a good big timber wolf disparted the right of way with him. Ben "fetched" him the first shot, and he will be on exhibition here as soon as the taxidermist has finished his work on him.

D. E. Briggs says that there is a dearth of aldermanic timber in the second ward. He of course doesn't pretend but what the ward has scores of men who are capable by all the rules of tape and brain measurement, but that none of them want the job. It may come to pass that there will have to be cuts drawn at a mass meeting, but we guess they will find some other solution of the problem.

Carlton Cornwell, foreman of the Gazette, Middleton, N. J., believes that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy should be in every home. He used it for a cold and it affected a speedy cure. He says: "It is indeed a grand remedy, I can recommend to all. I have also seen it used for whooping cough, with the best results." 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale at Palace Drug Store.

Will Fenclo carries his head as though he was weighted unevenly, but he isn't. He wears a necklace of bolts that would have comforted Job to desperation.

Gentlemen, cold weather is at hand, and if you want to feel comfortable and preserve your health, go to Reers' and get one of those nice over coats.

NEW NORTH.

BRITISH-AMERICAN TRADING COMPANY.

RHINELANDER. - WISCONSIN.

The News Condensed.

Important Intelligence From All Parts.

CONGRESSIONAL.

Proceedings of the Second Session.

The Senate on the 12th Senator Sherman introduced a bill providing for carrying into effect the international arbitration resolution adopted by Congress in 1898. Speeches of Senator Sherman, of Maryland, and Senator Hill, of New York, on various phases of the tariff and financial situation at times were full of keen personal criticism and satire directed at each other. In the House the resolution of John H. Rankin, of Mississippi, at large from Illinois was introduced. The eleventh annual bill was discussed and a bill to provide for the enforcement of the judicial system of Indian territory was passed.

The time in the Senate was occupied on the 13th in further speeches in which the income tax served as a text for a wide range of discussion on the tariff, the currency and the popular platform. The day in the House was devoted to the Indian appropriation bill (\$449,929), but no progress was made before adjournment.

The Senate on the 14th passed the urgent deficiency bill, including the income tax provisions. The House on the 14th passed the same bill. The House on the 15th passed the bill to amend the act relating to the currency question. The currency bill appropriation bill (\$1,540,000) was reported.

In the Senate on the 15th Senator Sherman presented an emergency currency bill and Senator Pugh offered a measure to amend the act relating to the currency question. The bill was passed with two amendments, one making \$5 the lowest rate for pension disability and another repealing the present law cutting off the pension of non-residents. The army bill, appropriating \$12,500,000, was discussed. In the House the Senate amendments to the urgent deficiency bill were discussed. A bill to amend the act relating to the currency question was introduced by Mr. McGowan for arbitration labor troubles. It makes the interstate commerce commission and the commission of labor the permanent body to hear disputes, one member of the deciding body to be named by each side. On the 16th the Senate passed the army appropriation bill carrying \$15,000,000, and the bill which in effect advances Gen. Schofield, in command of the army, to the rank of lieutenant general. Aside from this the day was given to debate on the Nicaragua canal bill. In the House the Indian appropriation bill was passed. The day was given to debate on the Nicaragua canal bill. The day was given to debate on the Nicaragua canal bill.

DOMESTIC.

ISAAC F. ABBOTT, cashier of the Dover (N. H.) National bank, killed himself when it was discovered that he was a defaulter. The bank closed its doors.

THE Rhymes and Roberts families, near Douglas, Ga., had trouble in a lawsuit, and Mrs. Rhymes and two daughters stabbed the three Roberts girls.

DAVID PAGE, 50 years old, froze to death in his cabin on King's mountain, near Abington, Va.

REV. JONAS SCHNEIDER, of the Methodist church at Fort Howard, Wis., declared he would expel any member of his church who persisted in dancing.

JOSEPH H. MEYER'S sugar refinery near Leominster, La., was destroyed by fire, the loss being \$120,000.

ALL the trolley lines in Brooklyn, with one exception, were tied up by a strike of their employees, who numbered nearly 6,000.

ALAN JOHN WALSH, of Vicksburg, Miss., was indicted for illegal voting, not being a naturalized citizen.

Mrs. J. P. ELVE lost her life while trying to rescue her two children from a burning house at Buena Vista, Ga.

The livery barn of M. W. Wilson at Alton, Ill., with contents and eight horses were burned.

MANY farmers near Jacksonville, Ill., have lost valuable cattle by a disease that baffles veterinary doctors.

The visible supply of grain in the United States on the 14th was: Wheat, 84,165,000 bushels; corn, 41,653,000 bushels; oats, 5,623,000 bushels; rye, 475,000 bushels; barley, 2,564,000 bushels.

In his inaugural address Gov. Morrill, of Kansas, warned his hearers to cease talking about reputation.

SIXTY of 125 dairy cows examined at Charles City, Ia., were found to be suffering from tuberculosis and were killed.

The defalcation of its treasurer, Isaac Abbott, forced the Fire and Savings bank of Dover, N. H., into the hands of a receiver.

SOUTH DAKOTA'S governor has offered a reward of \$20,000 for the capture of W. W. Taylor, the absconding state treasurer.

THOMAS WHITEHILL, consul to Chili, and his wife, fell from a ladder while trying to escape from their burning home at Baltimore and were killed.

BECAUSE of domestic trouble Thomas J. Beckwith fatally shot his wife at Elkhart, Ind., and then killed himself.

The Stadt theater at Milwaukee, while being decorated for a charity ball, caught fire and was soon destroyed.

F. W. TORRIS was appointed postmaster at Elizabethtown, Ky., succeeding Mrs. Benjamin Helm, a sister of Mrs. Abraham Lincoln.

AS the result of a terrible explosion of giant powder in a warehouse at Butte, Mont., seventy-five persons were killed and probably twice that number were seriously injured. The property loss was \$1,000,000.

R. H. BARNEY, a Mormon elder, has organized a church of his faith at Grapevine, W. Va., with twenty-four members.

ONE man was killed and three others injured, two fatally, in a saloon row at Mitchell, Ill.

PATRICK W. T. BROWN, of the Green Run life station, Charles W. Baker and Charles Hudson were drowned near Lewis, Del.

At the forty-second annual meeting in New York of the American Society of Civil Engineers (G. S. Morrison, of Chicago, was elected president.

The trustees of Beloit (Wis.) college decided unanimously to admit women to the present courses of study.

ONE wool grower in convention at Columbus declared the new tariff law to be a "colossal political crime."

A bill to make train robbery a capital offense was introduced in the Missouri house by Speaker Russell.

REPRESENTATIVE farmers from Illinois, Michigan, Iowa, South Carolina and Pennsylvania met in Chicago and organized the National Farmers' Federation of the United States, with J. H. Furrow, of Iowa, as president. The object is to command a more general recognition of the farmers in state and nation, as well as to promote the intellectual and moral welfare of those engaged in agriculture.

EX-GOV. ROBERT E. PATTERSON was nominated for mayor of Philadelphia by the democrats.

THE Nebraska Historical society decided that natives of the state should be called tree-planters instead of bug-catchers.

COAL miners of the Massillon (O.) district voted to declare off the strike on condition that they be reinstated.

THE surviving members of Mosby's command, the Forty-third battalion, Virginia cavalry, held a reunion at Alexandria, Va.

THE Nebraska state board of agriculture voted to remove the state fair from Lincoln and locate it at Omaha for the next five years.

DOMINIC PATELAK, who wrecked a train near Haddonfield Junction, Wis., killing the engineer, was sentenced to twenty-five years.

G. W. WALLACE, charged with alienating the affections of Mrs. W. H. Clasen, was fatally shot by her husband on a train at Edmond, O. T.

M. MORRISON, city marshal of Crawford, Neb., killed three men and was being pursued by a mob which might lynch him.

GRAND thieves set fire to the barn of John Indow, at Granger, O., destroying it, twenty-five head of horses and cattle and a large quantity of grain.

GALEN H. COOK, secretary of the Bankers' Loan and Investment company of New York, was accused of misappropriating \$100,000.

PRESIDENT HERR, of the American Railway union, and his fellow-prisoners were denied a writ of error by the United States supreme court and the last Monday in this month was assigned for a hearing on the habeas corpus proceeding.

HORACE W. HERRARD, general freight agent of the Vandalia line, dropped dead of heart disease at the Southern hotel in St. Louis.

TWO WORKMEN men boarded a Rock Island train near Wichita, Kan., and forced a passenger to hand over \$50.

FOUR girls were drowned at Winkler's Mills, near Blue Rapids, Kan., while skating on the Blue river.

THE boiler in a sawmill near Alto, Tex., exploded, killing Tobe Richards, Lewis Alexander, William Lewis and Abner Lee.

TWENTY horses were cremated in a fire that destroyed Scudder's livery barn at Indianapolis.

JONNY KESTIVE, a farmer, committed suicide near Eaton, O., rather than see his family starve.

THE American State Blackboard association was organized at Bethlehem, Pa., with \$100,000 capital. Twenty-two manufacturers are members.

TWO BOYS 14 years of age, who ran away from St. Vincent's industrial school at Utica, N. Y., were found frozen to death.

HOBOKEN to desperation by office-seekers, Sheriff Williams, elected by populists at Prague, Wash., resigned the office.

THE Second brigade of the New York national guard was called out to suppress the rioting street railway strikers in Brooklyn.

EXCHANGES at the leading clearing houses in the United States during the week ended on the 18th aggregated \$977,802,646, against \$1,039,139,951 the previous week. The increase, compared with the corresponding week in 1894, was 6.7.

GEORGE MORGAN, of Freeport, Cal., shot and killed his brother Harvey and then shot and killed himself. A quarrel over the division of property was the cause.

GEN. JAMES S. HACKNEY, formerly adjutant general of Missouri, was found dead at his home in Jefferson City. He had been drinking heavily.

PROPERTY worth more than \$200,000 was destroyed by a fire that broke out in the wholesale dry goods store of S. Waxelbaum & Son in Mecon, Ga. Four firms were burned out.

THERE were 373 business failures in the United States in the seven days ended on the 19th, against 420 the week previous and 407 in the corresponding time in 1894.

SAMUEL HOTELLING, a young farmer of Rolling Green, Minn., killed his wife and her parents and was slain by pursuers. Domestic trouble was the cause.

Mrs. COATES, a widow at Milford Ind., confessed just before death to the murder of Jacob Wintermyer twelve years ago.

GEORGE SHEL, ex-judge of the marine court at New York, died, and his son, George, 22 years of age, died before the burial of the father.

THE National Farmers' alliance issued an appeal for aid for destitute farmers in Nebraska and South Dakota.

JOHN DEVOX, of Chicago, who is reorganizing the Clan-na-Gall in the east, says the order is strong in the west.

THE police board of Denver prohibited the exhibition of "living pictures" in that city.

STARVING miners in the Massillon (O.) district issued an appeal for aid.

PERSONAL AND POLITICAL.

THE Michigan legislature in joint session elected McMillan and Burrows as United States senators.

Gov. PENNONTERRILL his final message to the Oregon legislature, after which Gov. Lord took the oath of office.

The following United States senators were elected: Montana, Lee Mantle (rep.) for the short term, and T. H. Carter (rep.) for the long term; Nebraska, John M. Thurston (rep.); Colorado, Edward O. Wolcott (rep.).

GEORGE F. HOAR and William E. Chandler were re-elected to the senate by the legislatures of Massachusetts and New Hampshire, respectively.

GEORGE O. JONES, the well-known advocate of greenbackism, died at his son's home in New York, aged 70.

JOSEPH SHORETT, a half-breed, who was born two years before the United States constitution was adopted, died at Fond du Lac, Wis., aged 110 years. He leaves two sons, one aged 51 and the other 54 years.

SPEAKER CRISP, who has been suffering from illness, was ordered south for the balance of the session by his physician.

Miss ELIZABETH BRAY DOWLING, the sweetheart of poet Whittier, died after a brief illness at West Newbury, Mass., aged 85 years.

GEN. ISRAEL N. STILES, a former brilliant attorney of Chicago and widely known, died of general debility, aged 62 years.

HENRY McCARTLEY, said to be the oldest man in Michigan, died at Battle Creek, aged 103 years.

PATRICK HAMILL, a member of the Forty-first congress, died at his home in Oakland, Md., aged 70 years.

SHERLEY M. CULLOM, of Springfield, was nominated to succeed himself as United States senator from Illinois on the first ballot, the vote being: Cullom, 102; Willets, 21.

Miss MARY STEVENSON, eldest daughter of the vice-president, died of pneumonia at Asheville, N. C., after protracted illness, aged 22 years.

Rev. SAMUEL GRAVES, a prominent preacher and theological professor, died at Grand Rapids, Mich., aged 73 years.

MARCELLUS SIMONS, the oldest editor and printer in Wisconsin, died at Oshkosh after a brief illness, aged 79 years.

FOREIGN.

PRESIDENT CASIMIR PERIER's letter of resignation was read to the French parliament.

THE Union bank of St. John's, N. F., was found to be insolvent with liabilities of \$700,000.

LOUIS VICTOR, an Indian policeman, was hanged at New Westminster, B. C., for the murder of his uncle. He protested his innocence from the scaffold.

THE emperor of China issued a manifesto in which he says he prefers death to the disgrace of defeat.

THE duke of Orleans, pretender to the throne of France, issued a manifesto asking the people to return to a monarchy.

M. FELIX FAURE, minister of marine in the Dupuy cabinet, was elected president of France to succeed Casimir Perier.

ITALIAN troops under Gen. Barattero completely routed the Albanians in a decisive battle near Zenzafa.

DISPATCHES from Peking state that Gen. Wei was headed for cowardice in recent battles.

A snowstorm about 10 miles from Kaslo, B. C., killed three miners named Moore, McMillan and Charles Mitchell, owners of the Eureka mine.

ADVICES from the Fiji islands report a terrible hurricane which destroyed much shipping and killed a number of people.

REVOLUTIONISTS in Hawaii started a battle in which several men were killed. The rebels were under complete control.

AVANCHES in the canton of Ticino Switzerland, caused great destruction of property and loss of life.

GERMANY has struck another blow at America by forbidding the importation of her cattle through Great Britain.

THE election of M. Faure as president of France is well received. He is the first protestant ruler the country has had.

THE clergy of St. John's, N. F., issued an appeal for help to prevent widespread starvation.

LATER.

R. E. L. WILLIAMS died in a cheap boarding house in Paris, Ky., the 21st. After death a search of his effects proved that he was a millionaire, owning a vast estate in Australia.

A CYCLOSTOCK struck Covington, Tenn., the 21st, blowing off the lower of the court house and wrecking several stores and residences. Damage about \$50,000. Nobody killed.

HIGH wind in Chicago the 21st blew down a flag staff from Kinsley's restaurant to the pavement below, breaking the skull of Edward Harper, an expressman.

THE trial of Harry Hayward for the murder of Catherine Gling was called before Judge Smith, in Minneapolis, the 21st. John Day Smith and W. W. Erwin appeared for the defendant. Two jurors were secured.

THE First brigade of the New York state militia, 4,000 men, were ordered to Brooklyn the 21st on account of the street car strike in that city.

VIOLENCE was the record of the Brooklyn street car strike the 21st. The Seventh New York regiment was attacked, stones were thrown and shots fired by crowds on the pavement and persons in the windows. Several times the troops charged the crowds with fixed bayonets. Three militiamen were sent to the hospital with broken heads and a score or more of policemen are suffering from injuries.

IN Chicago the 21st a heavy plate glass window in the Hartford building, at Dearborn and Madison streets, was blown in. James Henson, who was standing in front of the window, was struck by a large falling section of the glass and cut almost in two. He died shortly after the accident. Several pedestrians were badly cut by flying glass, one man fainting from loss of blood while awaiting a physician.

THE supreme court of the United States the 21st ordered that Eugene V. Debs and his associates in jail in Illinois be admitted to bail in the sum of \$2,000 each. The hearing to show cause is to be had on the 22nd of March.

THE president has approved the act for the relief of homestead settlers in Wisconsin, Minnesota and Michigan.

THE Republicans of the Kansas legislature the 21st nominated Lucien Baker to succeed John Martin, Democrat, in the U. S. senate.

A bill appropriating \$1,000,000 for a new public building at Chicago passed the lower house of congress the 21st.

A CYCLOSTOCK near Igou, Ark., the 21st killed two persons.

THE BUTTE DISASTER.

Scores Are Mowed Down by a Dynamite Explosion.

Fifty-Three Lives Are Known to Have Been Thus Lost—Many Others Are Missing—Details of the Horrible Affair.

BUTTE, Mont., Jan. 19.—Hour after hour the disaster of Tuesday has been putting on more distressing proportions, and it looks now as if the real weight and extent of the terrible calamity would never be known. The list of known dead has swelled to fifty-three, and there are at least four in the hospitals who cannot recover.

Others are also believed to be fatally injured. To the list of missing the name of Charles Hoffbauer has been added. A few hours before the explosion he purchased a pair of shoes, and on his way home he evidently stopped at the fire. One shoe, badly torn, of the new ones he had under his arm has been found a quarter of a mile from the scene of the catastrophe, but not a fragment of Hoffbauer has been discovered. He was about twenty-eight years of age and unmarried.

Included in the list of dead are the four missing firemen—Dave Moses, Sam Ash, P. J. Norling and Ed Sloan—but not Hoffbauer nor any other of the missing. In the minds of those who visited the scene after the explosion there is no doubt that many were blown to atoms and never will be heard of.

Terrible Devastation.

When the smoke had cleared away the terrified survivors were sickened at the sight of the ground for a block around the scene of the explosion strewn with the quivering and dismembered flesh of men and horses, pinned down by fragments of the fire engines and burning brands from the demolished warehouse.

Upon the site of the warehouse there was a ghastly hole filled with debris, blazing in hundreds of places, with here and there the fragment of an unfortunate fireman.

The noise of the explosion broke all the glass in the city and caused the houses to rock so violently that the residents were stricken with fear. They did not know from what quarter the disaster had come, and as the explosion had almost destroyed the burning warehouse there was little to mark the scene of terrible destruction.

Second and Third Explosions.

After the first explosion hundreds of people hastened to the scene, and this accounts for the great loss of life. While they were endeavoring to render assistance to the injured the second explosion occurred, mowing down the crowds of men, women and children as with a sickle of death. The survivors were hastening from the scene when a third explosion occurred, adding to the list of victims, as many of the terror-stricken people, fleeing from the scene of destruction, were mowed down by the flying debris.

Three Firemen Survive.

Only three firemen present at the scene of the fire escaped being killed. Chief Cameron was blown to atoms, and the only thing found of him was his belt attached to a charred portion of his body. The firemen who escaped were Dave Moses, Dave McGee and J. H. Hannover.

Awful Force of Explosion.

From all that can be learned the total amount of explosives that went up in the three explosions was nearly thirty tons—enough to wipe out the state of Rhode Island. There were twenty tons of giant powder alone that went up in one blast.

REMEDIES SUGGESTED.

Senators Pugh and Sherman Each Introduced a Currency Measure.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 12.—Senator Pugh (dem., Ala.) introduced a bill Thursday to meet deficiencies in the revenue in the treasury of the United States, by an immediate issue of \$100,000,000 of legal tender notes; to regulate the redemption of treasury and coin notes of the United States; to restore silver to coinage; to amend the national banking and currency laws, and for other purposes.

The bill was read and referred to the finance committee. Soon afterwards Senator Sherman (rep., O.) introduced another bill "To provide for a temporary deficiency of revenue." It authorizes the issue from time to time of 3 per cent. bonds to provide for the redemption of United States treasury notes and to pay current expenditures; also to issue 3 per cent. certificates to be sold at public depositories and post offices; and also allowing the national bank circulation to the par value of the bonds deposited therefor. This bill was also read and referred to the finance committee.

A Transcendent Takes His Brother's Life in Self-Defense.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Jan. 18.—I. N. Williamson shot and killed his brother William near Fayetteville Wednesday. The brothers have been on bad terms for some time and William Williamson returned from Alabama a few days ago with the avowed intention of killing his brother. He called at the home of the latter and induced him to come out of the house. He attempted to draw a pistol, but the weapon caught in his pocket, and before he could draw his revolver his brother sent a bullet through his heart. The perpetrator of the deed gave himself up.

Outlaw Bill Captured.

CANTAGE, N. M., Jan. 15.—Advices announce the capture of the noted outlaw, Bill Cook. His capture was effected by C. C. Perry, deputy marshal, who spent over three weeks in the saddle with only a few trusted aids. It was done on an isolated cattle ranch on the great plains, a few miles southeast of Fort Sumner.

Burned to Death.

BUTTE, Mont., Jan. 18.—Joseph Teils was burned to death Wednesday night in his cabin 20 miles north of here. The body was not found until Thursday morning.

THE NEW FRENCH PRESIDENT.

M. Francois Felix Faure Chosen. Vice-Casimir-Perier Re-elected—The Republic's Crisis.

VERSAILLER, Jan. 12.—M. Francois Felix Faure was chosen president of France by the national assembly on the second ballot.

The result of the second ballot as between the two leading candidates was: M. Felix Faure, 523; M. Henri Brisson, 492.

Socialist deputies made violent protests when the result was announced. There were only three candidates for the presidency whose chances of election were seriously discussed, namely: M. Waldeck-Rousseau, M. Henri Brisson and M. Felix Faure.

There was no choice on the first ballot for president taken in the national assembly, and before the second ballot was ordered M. Waldeck-Rousseau withdrew in favor of M. Felix Faure.

Pans, Jan. 17.—Casimir-Perier has resigned the office of president of France. He announced his resignation Tuesday evening at a specially summoned meeting of the cabinet, having previously informed M. Challeme-Lacour, the president of the senate, of his inability to solve the problem presented by the resignation of Premier Dupuy.

The news of the president's resignation spread like wildfire throughout Paris, and was received everywhere with consternation amounting almost to paralysis. In the newspaper offices the first report was considered absurd, but was soon confirmed, almost simultaneously, by the news of the president's resignation.

M. Casimir-Perier has submitted to the ministry a sketch of his message to be read to the chambers to-day. It refers to the patriotic spirit in which he assumed the post of honor and danger to which he was called without having sought it, and says:

"I had the single-minded wish to be, not a man of party, but a man of all France; to defend order, seeking inspiration from the example of the lamented Carnot. But to my deep sorrow I found that I pleased no party. I was attacked on every side. I attacked in turn, but all showed a personal tilt."

The question which led to the resignation of the ministry and finally to that of President Casimir-Perier is a wide one. It is really a question of whether the chamber of deputies is superior to the courts of France and whether the chamber is able to set aside the constitution at will. In 1853 the government made a contract with the Orleans and Midi railways, under the terms of which, in return for certain facilities for the transportation of war material, the government guaranteed the interest on the bonds of the railways. The government held that the guaranty expired in 1914, but the directors of the companies took a different view and construed the agreement to mean that the government guaranteed the interest in perpetuity. Suits were brought in the courts to settle the question. In June last Mr. Barthou ordered the directors to endorse their bonds to the effect that the guaranty expired in 1914. The directors refused to do so and the case was then taken to the council of state, which, in such matters, is the final court of appeal. The council on Wednesday last decided that the guaranty was perpetual. This decision, which a majority in the chamber of deputies Monday claimed the right to reverse, was a complete negation of the contention of the cabinet.

There have been five presidents of the third French republic: M. Thiers, elected August 13, 1871; resigned May 24, 1873; died September 3, 1877. Marshal MacMahon, elected May 24, 1873; resigned January 30, 1879; died October 17, 1893. Jules Grevy, elected January 30, 1879; re-elected December 23, 1885; resigned December 2, 1895; died September 9, 1896. M. Carnot, elected December 3, 1887; assassinated at Lyons June 24, 1894. M. Casimir-Perier, elected June 27, 1894; resigned January 15, 1895.

M. Francois Felix Faure, member of the chamber of deputies for Seine-Inférieure, who has been elected president of the republic of France, to succeed M. Casimir-Perier, was born in the Paris district of the colonies in the municipality of Gambetta. Ferry, Brisson and Tirard, and was one of the vice presidents of the chamber of deputies preceding the present one. He has been a republican deputy for about fourteen years and has served on several of the most important committees of the chamber.

M. Faure has made a legislative specialty of business questions, particularly those concerning the French merchant marine and foreign commerce. He served in the Franco-Prussian war as chief of a battalion of the Garde Mobile, and was made a chevalier of the Legion of Honor on May 31, 1871.

THE CASE REOPENED.

Judge Ricks Given a Chance to Appear Before the Committee.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 21.—The judiciary committee of the house held a long session Friday over the Ricks case. Representative Bailey, of Texas, presented the majority report, drawn by himself, and Representative Broderick the minority report. The friends of Judge Ricks endeavored to reverse the decision of the previous meeting.

Finally the committee decided by a vote of 7 to 5 to reopen the case by extending an invitation to Judge Ricks to appear before it, if he so desired, with his witnesses, and to give a like invitation to the other side.

Representative Bailey's report was discussed at length and several amendments offered and voted upon.

Another Door Closed.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 19.—The state department has been informed that the Hamburg authorities have forbidden the importation of cattle and swine from England and Ireland. Inasmuch as a large proportion of the American cattle entering Germany go through England, this will be another severe blow at our cattle interests and our trade with continental Europe.

Must Stand Trial.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 18.—Demurrers of President Havemeyer, of the sugar trust, and others were overruled by Judge Cole, and they must stand trial.

STREET CAR MEN STRIKE.

Five Thousand Employees on Brooklyn Trolley Lines Are Out.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Jan. 18.—At 5 o'clock Friday morning all the trolley cars in Brooklyn were tied up, the employees refusing to take out the cars. Over 5,000 men quit work. This includes motormen, conductors, electricians, switchmen and others employed at the various power-houses. All but one of the surface roads, and that a comparatively minor concern, are affected.

The men's grievances and demands are thus stated: The state law provides that a day's work of street railway employees shall be ten hours, within twelve consecutive hours. It is alleged that the corporations have required the men to work eleven hours, and even, latterly, twelve hours, with no interval longer than ten minutes for lunch, and even depriving them of that brief time in most instances. The wage rate agreed upon a year ago was two dollars for the statutory day's work; the companies, it is alleged, have made no allowance for overtime. The men demand adherence to the law regulating hours in a day's work, or \$2.25 for a day of twelve hours.

An address issued by the executive committee of District Assembly No. 75, alleges that the trouble was precipitated by the Brooklyn Heights company in excluding their electric workers from work. The statement goes on to say that the flagrant violation of the ten-hour law has mentally and physically incapacitated the men for their work. All the companies run their trippers so that the men can make only from forty to sixty cents a day.

BROOKLYN, Jan. 21.—The failure of the state board of mediation and arbitration to secure a settlement, and the fact that the officials and employees of the trolley roads have been unable to come to an agreement after numerous attempts to reach satisfactory conclusions, have not helped to allay public apprehension of impending labor troubles of the first magnitude. Mayor Scherren's requisition for military adds to the feeling.

AN AGGRAVATING DEER.

A Big Buck with a Passion for Practical Jokes.

Its Fun in Stealing Bird Hunters Against Bears and Wild Cattle—A Story Full of Wild Humor—One Man's Adventure.

A big five-prong buck is tearing and prancing about in the woods around the headquarters of Indian Run, Pa., and from all accounts is acting in such an aggravating manner that unless some one kills it before long half of the folks over in that county will be afraid to go out hunting. Already three persons have been all but scared into fits by it, and others who had intended to go out and try their luck on the trail of the eccentric deer have hung up their guns and said they would wait.

The first to discover the big buck and its aggravating nature was Farmer Joseph Baker. Farmer Baker has a field of rye near the edge of the woods on one side of his farm. The rye was up two or three inches. One day Farmer Baker walked over to take a look at the rye, and there stood a tremendous big buck, cropping the rye as complacently as a cow eating grass in pasture. Farmer Baker yelled at the buck and expected to see it bound back into the woods, scared half to death; but it didn't. The trespassing deer simply raised its head, took an impudent look at the farmer and resumed its feasting on the young rye.

"Why, jiggerblow your impudence," said the farmer. "I'll twist your conceited neck!"

Farmer Baker climbed the fence, picked up a stone and ran toward the buck. The buck quit eating and gazed at the advancing farmer in surprise. Then the hairs on his neck rose up. He laid his ears back, and came forward in so decided a way to meet Farmer Baker that the latter turned and hurried back toward the fence. If he had been one second later he would have been helped over it by the buck's horns. The farmer believes that the deer would have come on over the fence after him if it hadn't happened that Friend Jackson and Phil Sourbeer were coming along the road just then, on their way to the woods after partridge. The buck evidently did not like the looks of their guns and the little yellow dog they had with them, for he retreated speedily and disappeared in the woods.

"Well," said Farmer Baker, "if it's got so that deer can come and drive a man out of his own rye fields seems to me it's time to call out the military." But Friend Jackson said that he guessed he and Phil Sourbeer would be about all the military it was necessary to call out to suppress that impudent buck, and they and the little dog cut across the rye field and entered the woods to follow up the big game. The little yellow dog wasn't broken for deer, but he knew that the deer must be something he ought to run down, and he took the fresh track and went away on it, barking and yelping at every jump.

"You make a run for the creek, Phil," said Jackson. "Like as not the deer will hustle for water soon as he hears belch on his track, and you'll stand a chance of getting a shot at him."

The creek was a mile away and Phil started on the double quick to get there. Jackson went after the dog. He followed the dog two miles, and then came up with him. The dog was circling around in the brush, half crazy, for the cunning deer had thrown him off the scent somehow. If Jackson had been a good deer hunter he would have known that the buck had stopped in his tracks, taken a tremendous leap to one side or the other, run back in the direction he had come and was probably even then gazing from his hiding-place in the bushes at the frantic efforts of the hunter and dog to find the lost trail.

After circling around for a quarter of an hour without recovering the deer's trail, Jackson took his dog and went on, hoping to strike the trail somewhere ahead. They had gone a couple of hundred yards when they started a bear from its hiding place beneath the roots of a fallen tree. The bear had no idea of tarrying in that locality and was making off diagonally across an open space toward a patch of laurel. But Jackson was not content to have it that way, and he banged away at the bear. Not until that moment had it occurred to Jackson that, having started out to kill partridges, he was not loaded for either deer or bear. But his dog Belix was hardly capable of knowing that important fact, and when the gun cracked he thought that all he had to do was to go and fetch in the game, and he started at once to get the bear. It would be difficult to calculate how many partridges Jackson might have killed that day, judging his skill as a marksman by the shot he made at the bear. A man who shoots to kill a bear would naturally not aim at its feet. Yet this bear got the charge from Jackson's gun square in one of its fore feet. The bear instantly laid itself down, howling with pain, and began to lick and suck the wounded part. The recollection that he had nothing but bird shot disconcerted and scared Jackson so that all he could do, he says, was to stand still and stare at the howling bear.

But Belix soon changed the situation. He made his rush for the bear where it lay nursing its bleeding paw, but before he got quite to it the bear dropped its paw, rose up with fire in its eyes, and tramping over the dogs as if he were less than a chipmunk in its way, made straight for Jackson. The surprised and bruised Belix went yelping away and was seen no more. The bear moved on only three feet, but it moved so fast that before Jackson could get out of its reach up the tree he was doing his best to climb, it had him by the heels. Jackson tugged to get away, and the bear tugged to pull Jackson back. Fortunately for the

hunter, his boot came off, and the bear tumbled back. But brain was nimble and was up and had Jackson by one leg of his trousers before he had moved upward a foot. The trousers were stout, old-fashioned hickory and held firm in the bear's teeth. Jackson couldn't move an inch. To get more advantage the bear seized the other leg with a paw. It yanked and yanked, and Jackson saw but one way to save himself from being pulled back to a hand-to-hand tussle with the bear. Holding to the tree with one arm he quickly unbuckled his suspenders. At the next yank the bear gave it stripped Jackson's trousers from him as the skin is taken off an eel and tumbled backward on the ground. When the bear got up Jackson had caught the branches and pulled himself out of reach.

As he was settling himself in the tree something entered his line of vision that came near tumbling him to the ground, it startled him so. On a little knoll, not ten yards away, stood the big and aggravating buck, its head high in the air, looking on at the lively circus the bear and the hunter had been having, "and lookin' tickled half to death, too," Jackson said, afterward.

"I don't s'pose you got any kind of an idea how a feller feels up a tree on a frosty day without any trousers on," Jackson went on, "with a darn aggravatin' deer starin' at you an' actually lookin' as if he could hardly keep from bustin' right out a-laughin', an' a big bear standin' under you, holdin' the trousers he skinned off o' you, an' kind o' lookin' as if he didn't know whether to git skeert an' run, or git madder an' climb the tree and skin you some more. I don't s'pose you have any kind of an idea how a feller feels in a fix like that, but he don't feel as if he was settin' by his fireside eatin' crullers an' drinkin' cider?"

From what friend Jackson has to say about the matter the bear must have been so surprised at the strange escape of the hunter that the more it pondered over the matter the uneasier it became. After looking from the trousers up at Jackson and from Jackson down at the trousers, two or three times, the bear turned abruptly and limped away as fast as he could, disappearing in the brush off in the direction of the creek. The buck still remained on the knoll, a spectator.

"Just you wait there till I climb down out o' this tree an' git my trousers on," said Jackson. "Then I'll tend to your mutton."

Jackson was half way down the tree, when, with an ugly snort and every bristle erect, the buck came prancing from the knoll toward him.

"A toy monkey," says Jackson, "couldn't a climb his stick quicker'n I got back into that tree!"

But that little piece of fun with Jackson seemed to satisfy the buck, and, after looking at him for a moment where he perched shivering on a limb, the deer bounded away in the same direction the bear had gone. Jackson waited a good while before he ventured to the ground, though, for he wasn't sure but the aggravating and eccentric buck was only hiding near by, waiting for a chance to pounce upon him and make a lot more trouble for him. But the buck wasn't. Jackson replaced his trousers and the boot the bear had stripped from him, and sat down to think the matter over.

"That unprecedented buck has gone straight for the creek," he said, "and now if Phil Sourbeer is any good he'll lay low and bore a hole clear through him with both bar's an' we'll log the aggravatin' cuss home rejoicin'."

By and by Jackson started over toward the creek to see how Phil was making out. He had gone a half mile or so, when he met Phil.

"Did you plug him, Phil?" said Jackson. "Hello! What makes you so wet? Did you have to rassel him in the creek?"

Phil was dripping wet from head to foot.

"Rassel nothin'," said he. "Say, 'tain't safe to hunt that buck."

"Darned if I don't think you're right," replied Jackson. "What did he mix up with? Bear?"

"Bear an' wildcats?" said Phil. "I was settin' behind a tree over on the banks of the creek, waitin' for him to come along so's I could plug him, when suddenly I heard a noise behind me. I looked around an' there come a bear out o' the brush, walkin' on three feet an' lookin' worried."

"Ding yer," says I, "I'll stop your worryin'!" I hauled up an' gave him one bar's right in the face, but bird shot never was worth nothin', I don't suppose, to knock over bear with, an' this one jist blinked an' winked a little an' limped back into the bushes an' out o' sight. I got a thinkin' what a muss I mowed a got in a pegg'in away at a bear with bird shot, an' the more I thought of it the more I could see the danger there was in huntin' that consarned buck, an' darned if I didn't get to feelin' skeery. I kinder laid back to stiddy up my nerves a little, when right above me, layin' on a limb of the tree I was settin' by, was a slamin' big wildcat! It was lookin' straight down at me an' gettin' ready to jump."

"There wasn't no use o' me layin' there an' lettin' the catamount jump on me and claw me without doin' nothin', so I banged 'tother bar's at this new danger the aggravatin' buck had run me agin. The wildcat gave a yell an' a jump, but he jumped clean over me an' broke for the woods. Then my nerves was all gone an' I laid back weaker'n a sick cat. When I come to I thought a big rain had come on. I rise up an' was it rainin' on me? Wasn't that that tarna buck had come along an' was standin' in the middle of the creek kickin' water on to me as if it was comin' out o' pump! That buck'll be the death o' somebody yet, mind if it ain't!"

"We don't blame the bears or wildcats," they say, "for lookin' out for themselves. It's the cussedness o' the aggravatin' buck a-runnin' of us agin 'em that's worryin' of us an' makin' of us skeery."—N. Y. Sun.

WOMAN AND HOME.

WEDDING CAKE BOXES.

The Latest Styles and Materials for These Popular Favourites.

The origin of the custom of taking home a gift of wedding cake to "dream on" is apparently without record, and yet the present fad of distributing pieces of the bride cake in dainty boxes is the outgrowth of the old-time superstition.

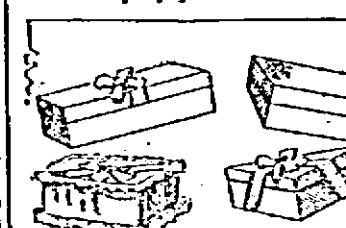
However, it is seldom "the" cake which is sent out in boxes, but that of an inferior quality, which possibly serves the purpose just as well in bringing "pleasing dreams and slumbers light" to those who place it beneath their pillows.

It is surprising to one uninitiated to know how varied are the styles, shapes and sizes of these scenic wedding cake boxes. One leading manufacturer makes wedding cake boxes in fifteen styles and a half dozen or more sizes, which are sold from \$1 to \$10 a hundred.

The most popular style and those of which the greater number are sold are those at \$1.50 a hundred, which are plainly and simply made of moire paper, with a silver edge about the lid. The boxes are all hand made, with the greatest care, by women and girls, and if the slightest mark from paste or imperfection from rough edges is perceptible, after finishing, the box is cast out.

The more elaborate styles are made upon special orders, and sometimes are marvellous of expensive beauty, perhaps by hand painting, by the stamping of a monogram in silver, and so on. For one wedding of recent date, the source boxes were of white satin, hand painted, and cost \$180.

A novelty, really more dainty and attractive than the satin, is the lined-ingen box, which is covered with fine crepe paper in white. The box opens like a casket, is either square or oblong and all round the cover is a tiny frill of the crepe paper. A narrow moire



WEDDING CAKE BOXES.

ribbon is fastened at opposite corners of the cover only, and ties in a fall bow at the top, which obviates the necessity of untying the bow of ribbon every time the box is opened. The ribbons are put on almost entirely in this manner, so that the box may be preserved for a long while as a receptacle for jewels or trinkets on the dressing table. These crepe paper boxes cost \$13 a hundred and inside have a folder of heavy paper which protects the cake from greasing through the box. An ornamental edging of lace paper adds a tasteful finish to the inside.

Another dainty box, which requires no ribbon to enhance its attractions, is the one illustrated, with a cover decorated in silver. The box is square, and in one corner is a design in bowknots, which unite "two hearts that beat as one." It is covered with watered paper and has a silver rim to the cover.

Many of the long and narrow boxes have a monogram stamped in one corner, in either gold or silver, showing the intertwined initials of the bride and groom. The triangular box is novel, but less popular than the others, as it is rather difficult, as well as wasteful, to cut the cake to fit in it.

All of these shapes may be carried out in crepe paper, either with or without a frill about the cover. The caterer, as a rule, attends to the matter of the souvenir boxes, which relieve the household of one of the many duties which crowd in upon one's wedding day.—Ella Starr, in N. Y. Recorder.

MILK IN THE SICK ROOM.

When a milk diet is prescribed for one who has an acid stomach, it is often best to add a little lime water to it. Lime water is made by turning two quarts of hot water over a piece of unslacked lime an inch square. When it is slacked, stir and let stand overnight. In the morning pour off as much liquid as is clear and bottle it. To each pint of milk add a teaspoonful of lime water. Lime-water tablets ready for use are to be found at most pharmacies. Alkalinized milk is made by putting the whites of two eggs in a glass jar with one pint of milk, and shaking them thoroughly.

Queen Victoria's Favorite Soup.

Queen Victoria is very fond of a soup made as follows: Take a half pound of Frankfurt pearl barley and set it in a stew pan with three pints of veal stock. Simmer very gently for an hour and a half. Remove a third to another soup pot, rub the rest through a sieve, pour it to the whole barley, add half a pint of cream, season with a little salt, stir till hot, and serve. The recipe is given by one of the chefs of the royal kitchen.

How to Mend Overshoes.

With a little care overshoes may be neatly mended at home. When the first break appears attend to it immediately. Buy five or ten cents' worth of rubber from a dentist and cut it in small bits. Dissolve it in chloroform and add a little black tube paint to darken it. Apply this gum inside and out until the break is entirely covered.

Love Leaves All Dangers.

Edith—Surely Mabel isn't going to cross the arena in this storm. Maud—Yes, she is; I know that Jack Dasher proposed to her yesterday, and she'd show that engagement ring to me if she had to swim over.—Judge.

Licensed Beggars in China.

The Chinese government levies a regular tax on beggars and gives them in return the privilege of begging in a certain district.

TASTY WINDOW BOX.

An Excellent Way of Adorning the Living Room of a Home.

One of the most satisfactory methods of adorning the inside of our houses is by the use of suitable plants, and this is an especially suitable season to remind our readers of that, when the winter reason is not far off. The window offers a convenient spot for a box with choice plants, and will greatly assist the appearance of the room.

The beautiful box here shown is known as the "Minton tile window box," and is made of Minton tiles, decorated in yellow, blue and white, under heavy glaze; substantial wooden mountings, natural dark finish; the interior is lined with zinc. The size is



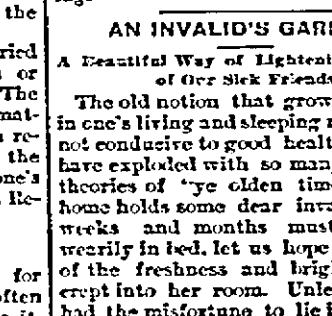
A HANDSOME WINDOW BOX.

thirty-three inches long by nine inches wide and seven inches deep. The photograph was taken with plants in the box, and that helps to display its use. They are: One *Dracena indivisa*, two *Dracena terminalis*, two *Azaleum vittatum* var., two *Coccoloba*, two *Asparagus tenuissimus*, five *Pelliozia pulchra*, the latter being the plant drooping down in front, and is extremely rich looking in contrast with the light colors of the box. This collection of plants, as is easily seen, makes an attractive box, and they are selected to withstand the temperature and peculiar atmospheric conditions of the ordinary living room, and would cost about \$1.00. For a fancy box, such as the Minton tile, we would not advise very common or mean-looking plants, they would be out of place; but it is not necessary that one should be without a window box if he cannot afford or does not care to invest so much money in one as this would cost—the price is about \$3.00. With a saw, a hammer, a chisel, a few nails and lumber, a serviceable box can easily be made. Get one-inch planed pine boards, free from knots, and put them together so as to make a box of the same size as the one described; or any size in length and width to suit your window, and paint it any desired color. Bore six half-inch sugar holes in the bottom at equal distances and the box is ready for the plants. If it is desired to have it a little more fancy in style, procure half-inch black walnut trimmings and tack them at top, bottom and ends, so as to make it look like a panel. A splendid decoration is oilcloth of a tile or other pattern, cut to size and fastened on with the black walnut trimmings. A few geraniums, heliotropes, sweet alyssum, begonias and tropaeolums to drop over the edge will give a pretty effect. Such plants will grow easily, and can be procured at very little cost. A dozen plants should be enough, and any florist can supply them. If you have no soil, it would be better to get that also from the man who furnishes the plants. To give the collection a rich appearance it would be well to have one palm for the center of the box. The illustration is from a photograph kindly supplied by Messrs. P. Henderson & Co.—American Gardening.

AN INVALID'S GARDEN.

A Beautiful Way of Lightening the Load of Our Sick Friends.

The old notion that growing plants in one's living and sleeping rooms were not conducive to good health seems to have exploded with so many other pet theories of "ye olden time." If the home holds some dear invalid whose weeks and months must be spent wearily in bed, let us hope that some of the freshness and brightness has crept into her room. Unless one has had the misfortune to lie in her place



INVALID'S FLOWER GARDEN.

and suffer her weariness and pain, perhaps one can hardly realize the comfort and relief she will gain from the few pots of flowers beside her window, but let us try the experiment, at all events. The illustration given here suggests a novel and beautiful way to give our invalid a "bright spot" in her long days of monotony and suffering. And it is so simple a way to do such a big missionary work! A broad shelf, polished and beveled, is secured to the inner side of the bed's foot-board and held firm and strong by pretty iron brackets at either end. Upon it are set the prettiest, thriftiest plants, in the daintiest of pots and bowls, that the home greenhouse affords. From time to time they may be changed for others whose blossoms are just in their glory. The little shelf may thus be always full of the best and brightest. If desired, there may be two brackets for holding a single plant, on either side of the head-board, within easy reach of the invalid, who may take comfort in trimming off the dried leaves and caressing and petting them, a process that seems to find favor with plants as well as "other folks."—Webb Donnell, in American Agriculturist.

WAR REMINISCENCES.

REMARKABLE WAR EXPERIENCE.

A Chicago Man's Reminiscences of Thirty Years Ago.

"That was the bullet I didn't hear," said Dr. John Gray.

His visitor was looking at a queer old cap, such as enlisted men used to wear at the beginning of the war. It had an "F" and a "13" in tarnished brass—the company and the regiment to which the doctor—then a mere boy, belonged. At the upper edge of the crown of the cap, right in the side of the tilted top piece, there was a great hole, blackened at the edges, and involving something like an inch of the blue article of dress.

The doctor had a quiet day, and had fallen into a reminiscent mood between patients.

"I got that in the spring of '62," said the doctor, as he looked at the cap and blew the dust from the visor. "It was right near Warwick Court House, Va., and we had just broken camp, and were on the way up the peninsula on the general movement toward Richmond."

"What battle?"

"Oh, it wasn't any battle at all. It was just a little picket fight. That was going on all the time. The woods were full of rebel sharpshooters, and



THE BULLET FIRED THE CAP.

we didn't dare venture out of camp or they would pick us off. They had a strong picket line ahead of us all the time, and there was a good deal of firing. Here is a note in the diary I kept at the time." And he pointed to the lines in faded pencil:

"Rebels about eighty or a hundred yards; kept up a constant firing. Bullet went through my cap."

"Did you hear it?"

"Well, there were so many I couldn't pick out any one; but this was the bullet I did not hear. You may be certain of that. When you can hear a bullet, of course it has passed you, and it is harmless as far as you are concerned. You won't hear the bullet that hits you."

"But this didn't hit you."

"No, it only went through my cap. But it knocked me senseless—the concussion, I suppose. It left a queer feeling all day. I made a note of it here in the diary, because it seemed to me at the time quite an important thing. But I came to look at it differently at the end."

"Were you ever really wounded?"

"Once or twice."

"How was it, doctor? How did it feel?"

"Oh, it hurt a little. It hit me here, just above the right hip and traveled clear across my back, lodging in the right side. It was cut out afterward and I have it here. See where it is flattened by striking against the bones as it broke them on its way through."

"When was that?"

"Oh, three months afterward, during the seven days' fight. It was in June. You know all about the peninsular campaign, when McClellan moved his whole army up country in the first great advance on Richmond. Well, things didn't go very well with us, you may remember. And they didn't go well at all with me. When I was hit of course it ended my fighting. The enemy came rushing across the field where I lay with the rest of the wounded, and with the dead, for the matter of that. And they were fighting for all there was in them, and when they saw a Yankee that seemed to be too much alive they ran him through with the bayonet. It may have been cowardly and all that, but they were young to real battle then, and besides they were terribly, fearfully in earnest."

"And so one of them rammed me right through the breast with his bayonet. As he hurried on he gave the gun a twisting motion—it seemed then to be barbarism, but it may be it was simply his haste—and the bayonet was detached from the gun and remained sticking in me and threw me down into the sand."

His visitor shuddered.

"And you lived?"

"Yes, rather," replied the doctor, laughing. "Even that seems a small thing now. Of course, my hands were all right, and after the confederates had gone I managed to work out that bayonet. But it pulled up some sand with it, and that was stripped off in the lungs and used to bother me a good deal, but I guess it is all gone now."

"We laid there ten days without the slightest attention from anyone. Of course, there was no such perfect hospital arrangement then as there was later, and we simply had to look out for ourselves. Some of the boys whose legs were good managed to go to the water and they brought drink to the rest of us. And they went through the haversacks of the dead and found something for us to eat. But it was a pretty hard ten days for a man who couldn't move, after all. It used to rain every night, and we used to scrape a little shallow place in the sands by our sides, and that would fill with water and keep up most of the day. I was afraid I would bleed to death; so two of the fellows tore the lining out of a blouse and I plugged my wound with that and I got along."

The doctor was turning over the leaves of his old diary. He had forgotten that wound on the battlefield.

"How did you get out of it?"

"Oh, the Johnnies took us. It wasn't a very difficult thing to do. And they moved us to Richmond. We had things pretty tough for a time, and then they put us in Libby—one hundred and thirty of us. I was one of five to come out alive. But I didn't walk a step.

They paroled me, and I was taken with the rest, first to Petersburg, and finally around and up the Delaware river to Chester, Pa. That was my home state and I got along better there. There they cut out the bullet—after it had been in my back four months. The bayonet wound was entirely healed up by that time, and without a particle of attention aside from what I could give it.

"I weighed two hundred and fifty when I was wounded, and I weighed ninety pounds when I reached Chester. But mother came to me there and I got along better. I don't believe I have looked over those old things before in five years."

And the doctor dismissed the matter. But there is a cap and a flattened bullet and a blood-stained letter and a quaint old diary to connect this robust and prosperous figure with the wounded lad of thirty years ago.—Chicago Post.

FAITHFUL TO "MARSE TOM."

An Old Negro Who Still Attends His Soldier-Master's Grave.

I saw a pathetic instance at Greensboro of a negro's fidelity, said a traveling man recently. About ten miles from the town I saw a grave with a marble slab at its head. Seated near it was an old negro with a bunch of flowers which he was placing upon the mound. I stopped my horse and spoke to the dorky.

"Whose grave is that, uncle?" I asked.

"Marse Tom's, boss. I'm his nigger."

"Oh, no; you are no man's nigger now. Didn't you ever know that you were free?"

"Dunno nuffin' 'bout dat, sah. I see Marse Tom's nigger, sah, an' he's waitin' for me shah up dah. Dese han's done tote him from dat place dey call Shiloh, an' he died while I walk a totin' 'im; jest closed he eyes an' went to sleep an' when I comes ter cross de ribber ob Jordan he jest hol' out his han's an' he tells de angels at de gate who I be an' he let me in. I dreamed 'bout it las' night, boss."

I was interested in the old fellow and wanted to hear his story. The slab at the grave told me that it was that of "Col. Tom Winn, killed at the battle of Shiloh," and I questioned the faithful negro further:

"How old are you, uncle?"

"Mov' a hundred, I reckon, sah."

"Were you in the war?"

"Went with Marse Tom, sah. I see his nigger, an' he's in heaven. I see jest a-waitin' till dese ole bones, weary wid trabbelin' ober de road, 'll take me to de ribber, when Marse Tom'll help his ole nigger ober."

"Were you with him when he was killed?"

"I was right dar, boss. Done pick 'im up an' tote 'im to dat place dey call Corinth; den I foun' a train, got to dat place dey call Chattanooga; den nex' day we wah in Atlanta. Marse Tom den in glory. Dey heah nigger left to ten' his body. Dey buried 'im."



"WHOSE GRAVE IS THIS, UNCLE?"

when I got 'im heah, an' his nigger jest left to ten' his grave an' keep de flowers byah."

I found upon inquiry that the story was true, and for a quarter of a century the faithful negro has done nothing but attend the grave of his young master, whose body he brought from northern Mississippi to central Georgia.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

PRETTY SHOOTING.

The Terrible Execution of a Southern Boy on the Federal Army.

Speaking of good rifle shots, said a veteran recently, I won the gray at Antietam in 1862, and the prettiest shooting I ever saw occurred on that day. There was a tall tree on the banks of the Antietam and an old Marylander's cottage was situated just at its foot. The old man was away and had left his fourteen-year-old boy to take care of the family. This boy had managed to climb up into the forks of a tree, and had probably been at work on his scheme several days before the armies came up, for when they got on the ground he had entrenched himself up in the forks of the tree with feather beds, pillows and bolsters, apparently four or five deep, all around him. He had prepared for a siege, too, with both ammunition and food. When the union army came within range his old squirrel rifle picked off more subordinate officers in a few hours than the army had lost before in weeks. No amount of counterfiring did any good. He would get his old blunderbuss reloaded, and with close scrutiny you could see its long barrel creep over his improvised rampart, and as sure as the crack of the rifle came a moan and a dead lieutenant or other officer would follow. The Antietam, at the point where the battle was fought, is narrow, but it is very deep, and there seemed really no way to dislodge the fearfully destructive enemy, so the union army actually withdrew till the artillery could run up a gun and train it on the spot. And will you believe me, the young sharpshooter actually killed two of the gunners and wounded a third, and almost produced a panic before he was dislodged. He was literally blown to pieces at last, but not till after he had created consternation in the ranks of the union army.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Lewis Hardware Company.

A Feast in Store for all. Watch this Paper for Date and don't Forget to Come.

Beers has the finest line of underwear in the city.

Frank Davis spent Sunday at home with his family.

D. H. Vaughn spent Sunday in the city with his family.

J. R. Johnston has just received all the latest novelties in neck wear.

D. D. Flanner and wife are in the city this week visiting relatives.

John R. Blinder was up to Interior, Mich., on business the first of the week.

The man who wants to push trade will advertise more in dull times than in good times.

Hon. C. C. Yawkey passed through the city Friday on his way home from Madison.

Sheriff Smith says that business in the arrest line is opening up rather light on the new year.

Alban & Barnes will have pretty fine offices in the new bank building. They will use five rooms.

Every available rig in town was out on exhibition Sunday. The sleighing was fine and the weather mild.

James Timlin is making a success of his bottled milk business. He is increasing his list of customers every day.

Attorney Daniel Hiarion, of Eagle River, was in the city Friday on his way to Minocqua and Arbor Vitae, where he has important legal business.

Antigo is anticipating a great boom in the spring, on account of the railway project which points in that direction.

Fred Pickard has taken a job as scaler for Brown Bros. Miss Edna Douglas, a very competent young lady, is doing the work in the Register of Deeds' office.

Agent Stemple, of the Soo line, at Weyerhaeuser, died Monday after a brief illness. He was quite well known here and was a member of the local Knights of Pythias lodge.

Young men if you want a stylish overcoat, cut in the latest design, extra long, and equal to any made to order, and for about one half tailor's price, go to W. L. Beers.

Brown Bros., who own the building occupied by Spafford & Cole, have closed a contract with J. E. Jackson to put in a complete system of steam heating throughout the store, offices and rooms above.

Minocqua is going to organize a brass band. Ed. Squire was up there Monday and sold them a full set of instruments and will go up again soon to start them in. He says they are going to have a good band, second to none in towns of the size.

The New North office prints everything for lumbermen that is needed by them in the line of printing. Time orders, scale books, commercial work and price lists are all done by us on short notice and equal in style and workmanship to Milwaukee or Chicago work.

Dr. J. A. Whitney, formerly of Minnesota, has decided to locate permanently in Rhinelander. Mr. Whitney is a veterinary surgeon of experience and he comes here with the best of recommendations. Local horsemen say his endorsements are of a kind that give them all plenty of confidence in his ability.

The Herald wants some legislation to make the St. Paul railway furnish vestibuled trains and center braced cars on its Wisconsin Valley division. That's all right but the Herald shouldn't make an excuse for its opening out on the road the fact that the Soo Line is doing just right in charging 4 cents a mile between stations. Neither should it misquote the New North in the matter.

Here is the car load of groceries you have to buy of Langdon to get thirty pounds of granulated sugar for one dollar:

30 pounds of granulated sugar,	\$1.00
2 " " good tea,	20
1 " " pepper,	20
1 " " mustard,	20
50 " " patent flour,	90
1 " " 4x coffee,	20
1 bushel " potatoes,	60
6 bars of Q. P. soap,	25
1 package of gold dust,	20
1 can of tomatoes,	10
1 can of corn,	10
2 pounds of Prunes,	15
3 " " dairy butter,	60

Five dollars takes the whole list.

Samuel Shaw is in the city this week.

Old papers a nickel a dozen at this office.

Geo. Mason started out for an extended trip on the road yesterday.

A concatenation of the Hoo-Hoos will be held at West Superior to-morrow night.

The local lodge of Macfakes is growing rapidly. New members are taken in every week.

D. L. Jenkinson was down from Minocqua over Sunday. Dave has a good jewelry business there.

The loggers never had better weather and better conditions for putting in logs. They are improving it well, too.

The finest line of wedding stationery, invitations, programs and cards, ever shown in the city, can be seen at the New North office.

The "men's supper," served at the Congregational church last evening was a success in every way. The men cooked, waited on table and did everything about the job and the verdict of the large number who attended was that they did it well.

John Barnes returned from Washington last Monday. What he goes there for is something we don't know. Sam Shaw said in the *Indicator* that Cleveland sent for him and John says he went on his own hook, and there you have it. It's a question of veracity between two lawyers.

Charley Pingry, Geo. Dean, and the others who were at Merrill last week as witnesses in the bridge wrecking case, had a hard time of it getting home. The engine on the St. Paul road was disabled, laying them out three or four hours, and then the Soo engine, just to be in style, broke a wheel. They finally got home seven hours late.

Japanese Supper.

The following is the bill of fare for the Japanese supper at the M. E. church parlors next Wednesday evening, Jan. 20:

Chicken pie,	cold ham,
Mashed potatoes,	cabbage salad,
Pickles,	Brown bread,
White bread,	cranberries,
Jellied rice, cake,	coffee, Tea

North Side Locals.

The oldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Booth was quite sick with the La Grippe last week, but is now able to be up again.

Mr. John Johnson took sick very suddenly yesterday morning and unable to go to work. It seems to be a severe stroke of rheumatism in his right side.

Mrs. Nelson, of Phillips, visited Mrs. Pearson the first of the week.

Rev. Rosander preached in Phillips Tuesday night and in Prentice Friday and Sunday, and returned home for his meeting here Monday evening.

A bouncing boy, number two, put in appearance at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Gust Swenborg the first of the week.

A Social Success.

The reception and ball given by the Knights of Pythias at the Grand Opera house and their club rooms Tuesday evening was a highly successful social affair from every point of view. The attendance was great, over one hundred and fifty couples taking part in the dance. The billiard and card rooms were crowded all the evening and everybody seemed to enjoy themselves. The lodge room and club rooms were neatly decorated and the members were attentive to the welfare of their guests in every way. The only slip was in the refreshments service, and that feature had a good many mitigating circumstances. The boys thought they had prepared enough sandwiches, coffee, cake and cream for any possible emergency, and they had. But to serve two or three hundred in a small room was a job that would test experienced waiters, and if the service was a little fast and furious for awhile the guests were all served and all enjoyed it.

The music was furnished by Bailey and Squier's orchestra. It was long after one o'clock before dancing ceased, and the Grand has never seen a larger or livelier crowd upon its floor.

To The Editor.

In response to the Scotch cyclone, headed by "Jee Whittakers," allow me to ask: Were the men Swedes, who guarded the house in which the small pox patient on the North Side was kept and who allowed both the nurse and Mr. Knudson's overcoat, watch, etc., to skip, or were they Yankee-Scotchmen who so shamefully neglected their duty?

C. A. ROSANDER.

Notice.

No bills will be audited by the school commissioners which do not bear the O. K. of some member of the board. It will be absolutely necessary to have bill endorsed.

W. W. CARR, Sec.

This is Langdon's short list: 40 pounds of granulated sugar, \$1.00 20 " " dairy butter, 4.00 The whole list goes for \$5.00. This list is made up especially for the poor farmer, but he will sell to anyone who has the \$5.

Dry Wood.

Shingle Wood, \$1.00 per load. Slabs and edgings \$1.25 per load. Birch and Maple wood 4 ft. \$2.00. 4 ft. mixed wood \$1.50. Delivered to all parts of the city by A. Klinefild. Leave orders at William's harness shop, 221 Brown Street or New North building. jr

RUN TO EARTH.

How the Great Detectives Easily Seize Upon the Villagers.

"Officer Sleuth," said the great chief of the western city, "what report have you to make on your murder case?" Sleuth—Arrested a woman and locked her up, sir—

"Ah, good. Any clues?"

"Took a file of officers in and told her her husband had given the whole thing away."

"Ah, but did she show any confusion?"

"Yes, indeed. Said she was confused to know what he gave away, whom he gave it to, and why the fool man didn't sell it."

"And did she show any concern?"

"Yes, sir. She said she had only \$1 in her pocket, but if we wanted that."

"Anything further?"

"Then we ran her husband down in his place of business."

"Was he startled?"

"Very much. Wanted to know what it meant."

"Well?"

"We locked him up and told him his wife had given the whole thing away."

"Was he confused?"

"Not a bit. Said we lied; that his wife was too blank stinky to give anything away."

"Well?"

"We told him she had confessed that he murdered the man."

"Hah! Then he confessed?"

"Yes! Said he was ready to confess that."

"Good! Good! Go on, sir."

"We were the most disgusting and pigheaded lot of idiots he had ever met."

"And you learned nothing from either about the murder?"

"Nothing."

"Not the faintest clue?"

"Absolutely nothing."

"And what are you doing now?"

"We have imprisoned both of them on suspicion."

"Good! Keep a close watch on them. We are on the right track. Make them confess if possible."

And the sun, piercing the shadows of the prairie bunch grass, was not more vigilant than was the march of Sleuth.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A QUEER DISTINCTION.

It is That of a Man Who Was Once Swallowed by an Alligator.

Edward Rowland enjoys the distinction of being the only person living who was swallowed by an alligator. The saurian swallows his prey whole and digests it at leisure, and it is to this characteristic that Rowland owes his life.

When a boy, his parents owned a winter home near Sanford, Fla., which is near Dunn's creek, where there are still more alligators than can be found in any place also in Florida.

At the time mentioned, it was literally swarming with the huge reptiles, and the largest ever killed were secured here, one measuring over 15 feet in length.

Young Rowland had gone with his parents to a point on the St. Johns river, near the mouth of Dunn's creek, and had wandered away from them. Suddenly a huge gator emerged from a small lake and started toward a creek, coming immediately past the place where the boy was seated on the bank, kicking pebbles. The child started to run, but stumbling fell head first immediately in front of the reptile, which swallowed him at once.

Young Rowland's screams were heard, and the parents reached the scene just in time to see the disappearance of their son down the huge throat of the saurian. The father, never dreaming that the boy was not killed, shot the alligator, the ball, fortunately, striking him in the eye and penetrating the brain.

The feet of the boy were protruding from the mouth of the dead alligator, and with the thought of only obtaining his remains for burial the reptile was cut open. There were signs of life, and after several hours of hard work the father succeeded in resuscitating the boy, the only serious injury being to his ankles, which had been crushed by the reptile's teeth when he was in the throes of death.

Since that time Rowland has been a cripple, but only to the extent of having to wear steel braces on his ankles.—Rome Hustler.

EUGENE FIELD INTERVIEWED.

That is, He Fired Talk For Nine Minutes at a Reporter.

Eugene Field, the humorous poet, famous for his beautiful children's verse, I was told, had just come in from Chicago and would be at the Authors' club that night. I reached the Authors' club about 10 o'clock and learned that Field had gone.

"Where?"

"To Washington."

"What train?"

"Eleven o'clock."

I was in Jersey City and in that train at 10:50.

"Whip out your notebook and write for all you're worth," said Mr. Field, throwing himself and his bag in the seat. "You're only nine minutes. Time enough, though, for two immortal biographies like mine."

"Never mind that. You're fond of the quaint and curious, Mr. Field. What's your fad, pets and so on?"

"Well, listen for your life now. I'm fond of dogs, birds and all small pets. My favorite flower is the carnation. My favorites in fiction are Hawthorne's 'Scarlet Letter,' 'Don Quixote' and 'Pilgrim's Progress.' I believe in ghosts, in witches and in fairies. I should like to own a big astronomical telescope and a 24 tune music box. I adore dolls. I dislike 'politics,' to be called. I should like to have the privilege of voting extended to women. I am unalterably opposed to capital punishment. I favor a system of pensions for noble services in literature, art, science, etc. I approve of compulsory education. I believe in churches and schools. I hate wars, armies, soldiers, guns and fireworks. I do not care particularly for sculpture or for painting. I try not to become interested in them, for the reason that if I were to cultivate a taste for them I should presently become hopelessly bankrupt. I dislike all exercises, and I play games very indifferently. I love to read in bed. I am extravagantly fond of perfumes. My favorite color is red. I am a poor diner, and I drink no wines or spirits of any kind, nor do I smoke tobacco. I dislike crowds, and I abominate functions. I am 6 feet in height and have shocking taste in dress, but I like to have well dressed people about me. I do not love all children. I have tried to analyze my feelings toward children, and I think I discover that I love them in so far as I can make pets of them. I believe that, if I live, I shall do my best literary work when I am a grandfather."

"And how did you become a humorist, Mr. Field?" I asked, while the porter besought me with tears in his eyes to leave the train before it started.

"Oh, they're not made. They're born."

"All aboard!" And Eugene Field was gone.—Demorest's Magazine.

Rustle Morality.

Rector (going his rounds)—Fine pig that, Mr. Dittles, uncommonly fine!

Contemplative Villager—Ah, yes, sir, if we was only all of us as fit to die as him, sir!—London Tit-Bits.



CAN I OBTAIN A PATENT? For a young inventor and an honest opinion, write to J. A. Munn & Co., who have had nearly fifty years' experience in the patent business. (Commence with strictly confidential.) A free book of information concerning Patents and how to obtain them sent free. Also a catalogue of mechanical and scientific novelties sent free. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice in the *American Inventor*, and this is brought widely before the public and set to the inventor. This patent is secured weekly, directly in the hands of the inventor, and is not subject to the caprice of any one else. It is the world's best security. Sample copies sent free. Building Edition, monthly, \$1.00 a year. Single copies, 10 cents. Every number contains beautiful pictures, in color, and photographs of new houses, with building contracts to show the latest designs and secure contracts. Address: MUNN & CO., NEW YORK, 351 BROADWAY.

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OUR ANNUAL

LINEN SALE, EMBROIDERY SALE

AND MUSLIN UNDERWEAR SALE

Is now in progress and will continue through the month of Jan.

LINENS We will offer a very large line of Linen and Damask Table Cloths in all qualities and sizes, with 5/8 & 3/4 napkins to match. Tray Cloths, Carving Cloths, Fringed and Hemstitched Doilies, all sizes. A full line of Towels, from 15 1/2c up to the best quality.

MUSLIN UNDERWEAR These goods are made to our order and are the same make and superior quality offered by us at our previous sales, and better than ordinary grades offered at these sales, throughout the country. Better in quality and finish than can be made at home and much lower in price.

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T. A. CHAPMAN COMPANY,

Globe Barber Shop and Bath Room.

Hair Cutting, Shaving, Shampooing, etc., done in first-class order, as now but the best of workmen are employed. A hot or cold water bath can be secured at a very reasonable price, and satisfaction guaranteed. Give me a call and be convinced.

RHINELANDER, WIS.



In the accounts of the storms last winter frequent mention was made of the "great blizzard of '73," and some short descriptions given in the papers carried me back into the very heart of that frightful tempest and caused me to relive, in the most vivid manner, the whole of the three days' experience. I have been in many similar storms of snow but never in any which had the same sustained, inexorable fury.

As a matter of fact, a blizzard on the prairie corresponds to a tempest on the sea, which never affects the sailor twice exactly alike. Each northern storm seems to have a character of its own; one may be short, sharp, high-keyed and spiteful; another slow, steady, relentless, wearing out the prisoner people by day after day of storm siege, while another would be simply appalling with the suddenness and infinite weight of its snow and the intensity of its cold.

Then again each storm has its special mode of attack. One threatening, maddening and lowering for days, while another, like "the great blizzard," leaps like a stalking tiger on the traveler. It is this storm which is so destructive to life. Coming almost instantly out of a clear sky, it finds the traveler far from home, the children at school and the husbandman unprepared for the assault. Such was the character of the blizzard in February, 1873.

All day on that memorable date the neighbors in their sleighs streamed by the schoolhouse where we youngsters sat listening "wisely to the music of the bells." Everyone was tempted out by the brilliant sunshine and the warm south wind. Farmers went by with wood racks, bound for the timber which grew along the river several miles below. Others jingled past in light sleighs, with their wives seated beside them, on the way to the stores in the neighboring town.

All day, until half-past three, the sun shone warm and the eaves dripped merrily. The windows to the south were open and the children played without mittens. But about a quarter to four the scholars on the north side of the room looking out saw a wide, seamless, gigantic dome of slaty-blue cloud rising, swift, ominous and noiseless, sweeping on to the south like the shadow of night. At its upper edges there was a beautiful fringe of silver-white vapor which was in motion, wavering to and fro, shimmering like frost. But the mass of the cloud had a dense, sinister look.

At four o'clock the sun was still shining, but the edge of the cloud had crept, or, more properly, shot across the sun's disc, and its light was growing pale and cold. In a few minutes more the wind from the south ceased—there was a moment of breathless pause—and then, borne on a powerful north wind, the streaming clouds swept upon us. Large flakes of snow, damp and wide-winged, drove in a level line into the face of the traveler, sticking to the clothing and cheek and melting rapidly. It was not yet cold enough to freeze, but the thermometer must have been rapidly falling. We dashed home merry with the beautiful snow.

By the time we had reached home, a half mile away, the wind was a gale, the snow a vast blinding cloud driving through the air with a peculiar faint whispering murmur, eddying and swirling in fantastic and beautiful lines

strangeness of it all, the impenetrableness of the cloud of snow, the dancing light of the lanterns, the whirl of the flakes in the red light which streamed from the barn door, and the brisk, excited talk of the men.

Teams went by with wool, the shouting drivers sitting on the leeward side of their load, leaving the horses to find the road. Just as we were about starting for the house a team drove into the yard containing three persons.

"Is this John Bartlett's?" called a voice through the darkness.

"No, it's Robert Graham's; but you're just as welcome. You're Anson Bond, I take it?"

"Yes. What do you think of this? Can we ever cross Wind prairie?"

"I should say not. You just get out and stay all night. They ain't a man livin' can find his way across that stretch of prairie such a night as this. Drive your sleigh to the door and put your woman in the house and then come back and put up your team."

They were neighbors who had settled farther on to the north and across a stretch of prairie to cross which in such a storm would be almost certain death. They wisely took father's advice and soon we closed the barn and went to the house to eat a hot supper, over which the men told stories of



THE LOGS LOOKED LIKE PILLARS OF SNOW.

storms (the word "blizzard" was not common then), to which we boys listened with consuming interest. During the remainder of the evening we joked and sang and played games, our merriment intensified by the commotion outside.

But when we went to bed at ten o'clock, I for one trembled with awe. I had a premonition that this was to be something unparalleled. It appeared to me as one of those frightful disturbances in the orderliness of nature which makes man to feel himself the insect he really is. It did not shape itself into these words, but an awed silence came upon me. The cold began to make itself felt, and the wind's voice began to send a thrill of terror to the listener's heart, striking as it did through our little house, freezing our food within a few feet of the stove.

I thought the wind at that hour had attained its utmost fury, but when I awoke in the feeble light of the next morning I realized how mistaken I had been. No words of mine can de-

anomalous sounds, now dim and far, now near and all surrounding, producing an effect of mystery and infinite reach as though the house were a helpless ship tossing on a limitless angry sea.

Looking out there was nothing to be seen save the lashing of the wind and snow. When we attempted to face it and go to the rescue of the poor cattle, we found that the character of the storm had completely changed. It was no longer snowing, but the air was filled with an impenetrable cloud of flying snow, fine as powder and mixed with the dirt caught up from the plowed fields by the relentless blast which had now attained the inconceivable velocity of ninety miles an hour. It was impossible to see twenty feet save at long intervals—indeed one could not see at all facing the storm; the eyes would have been destroyed. As we stepped out into the wind the face was coated with ice and dirt as if by a dash of mud, a mask which blinded the eyes and froze the cheek in a few seconds.

Such was the force of the wind that a strong man could not breathe with his mouth unprotected. The mouth being once open the breath seemed swept away and the power of the lungs to inhale lost.

That day we mainly spent in keeping warm and feeding the stock in the barn, which we reached by desperate dashes during some momentary relenting in the tempest. We attempted to water the horses and cows, but the wind blew the water from the pail and froze it instantly on everything it touched. In the house it became more and more difficult to put a cheerful construction upon the outlook, notwithstanding we had fuel in abundance.

Oh, that terrible day! Hour after hour we listened to that prodigious, appalling, ferocious wind. All day we moved restlessly to and fro asking each other: "Will it ever end?" We had the same sensations which the sailor has when the roared ocean seems too

vast and too ungovernable to ever again be spoken into quiet even by the Gravitator himself. It did not seem to me that God could control that storm, for my imagination could not conceive of a power greater than this war of wind and snow.

On the third day we rose with weariness and looked into each other's faces with a sort of horrified surprise. Not the inevitable heart of father nor the cheery good nature of our guests could keep a gloomy silence from settling down upon us. Conversation was scanty, and I do not remember that anyone laughed during the whole of that day, as we listened anxiously to the wind tearing at the shingles, beating at the door and shrieking around the eaves.

The frost upon the windows thickened and the room was dark at midday. It grew dark at three o'clock and the lamps were lighted. The women sat with awed faces and wide-open staring eyes, full of unshed tears, their sympathy going out to the poor travelers on the wild prairie or floundering in the deep drifts of the gullies. That night, so disturbed had we become, we lay awake till nearly midnight listening, praying that the storm might cease, waiting for some sign to tell that the wind had reached its height.

Shortly after midnight I noticed that the roar was no longer so relentless, steady and high-keyed. There were moments of lull, a distinct easing away, and though it returned to its attack almost immediately, its fury was plainly becoming spasmodic. I heard an exultant voice from below cry out: "The storm is over!" and then everybody sank into deep sleep from sheer relief.

It is impossible to express the joy with which we melted the ice from the windows the next morning and looked out on the familiar landscape, peaceful, dazzling under the brilliant sun and sky. We greeted it with a sort of frenzy as if we had given it up for lost. The wide plain ridged with drifts and the far blue line of timber looked familiar but desolate. The neighboring cottages sent up a cheerful column of smoke as if to tell us the people were alive, but the sound of the wind seemed with us still, so long and so continuously had it howled in our ears, that even in a perfect calm the imagination was constrained to supply its loss with fainter fancied roaring.

As long as I live I shall never forget those days, and the sound of that wind will never leave me. What it must have been on the open plain was awful to think of. Those prairies so bright and beautiful in the summer that you seem to drift on a downy sea, under skies of perpetual blue—those wide wastes when the north was abroad in his wrath, were as pitiless and destructive as the Northern ocean. Nothing lived there unharmed—all was at the mercy of the north wind, whom only the great Lord Sun could tame.

In 1873 the complete success of water gas as an illuminant was made apparent.

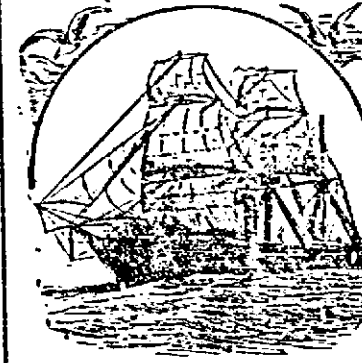
MODELS OF WARSHIPS.

On Exhibition in the Navy Department at Washington.

A Choice Collection of Battleships, Armored Cruisers, Torpedoed Monitors, Harbor Defense Guns and Gunboats in Miniature.

(Special Washington Letter.)

West of the white house, and overlooking it, is a large granite and marble edifice known as the state, war and navy building. It is by many regarded as second only to the capitol for beauty and approximation of architectural perfection. Beneath its roof are the offices and subordinate bureaus of the secretary of state, the secretary of war and the secretary of the navy. The secretary of state occupies the south wing of the building. The secretary of war can be found in the central part of the west corridor; while in the east wing, distant, but immediately opposite, is the office of the secretary of the navy. The entrances



THE PAST.

of the offices of the master spirits of the navy and navy are at either end of the corridor running east and west through the center of the building, upon the second floor.

Visitors to the navy department are always interested in the rows of glass cases which occupy the main corridor near the office of the secretary of the navy. They contain perfect, highly polished and burnished models of Uncle Sam's crack battleships and armored cruisers. The custom of putting models of the different ships of our navy on exhibition in the navy department was inaugurated about 1856, and now models have been added from time to time until there are now fifteen in all. This collection comprises representations of first and second-class battleships, armored cruisers, protected cruisers, single and double-turreted monitors, harbor defense rams, light-draft gunboats, and last, but not least, the old sailing vessels. There are the models of the gunboats Yorktown and Petrel; the monitor Miantonomoh; the protected cruiser Charleston; Baltimore, Newark and Hancock; the dynamite cruiser Vesuvius; the steel-armored turreted battleships Texas, Indiana, Massachusetts and Oregon; the steel-armored turreted cruisers Maine, New York and Monterey; the steel harbor defense ram Kearsarge; and the celebrated wooden cruiser Kearsarge, recently lost on the rocks of Roncador reef.

Some of these models were made by skilled mechanics at the Washington navy yard. But the models of the Yorktown, Hancock, Miantonomoh, Charleston, Petrel, Kearsarge, Newark and Katsuhira were built by the model-maker of the bureau of construction and repair of the navy department, who has his shop in the basement of the building. Owing to the fact that the workmanship on these miniatures is very fine and delicate and that the material used in their construction is the best obtainable, the expense incurred in making one of them is large, so the money to pay for the labor and material is taken from the regular appropriation made by congress for the navy department contingent fund.

All of the models in the collection are made on a scale of one-quarter of an inch to the foot, so that they range in length from four to seven feet, most of them being about five feet long and two or three feet high, varying, of course, according to the size of the big ships. The models are such exact representations of the originals that not even a rope in the rigging is omitted in making them. They have miniatures of the guns comprising the battery of each vessel and every other part of the construction, so that one who sees the model in the case can form an exact idea of how the ship appears when afloat at sea. To protect them from the dust and the hands and fingers of curious visitors the models are kept in large glass cases which rest on beautiful oak and walnut stands. The guns comprising the battery of each vessel are made of nickel and are finished to a high polish. Little tiny lifeboats of the vessels are also on the models and are made of cedar wood, varnished and painted.

Outside of the cases containing the models are cards giving a description of each vessel and part of its history. The cards state the size, type, propulsion, kind of hull, displacement and condition; whether building or in the service. Naturally the more modern triple screw propulsion armored cruisers attract most attention from visitors on account of their magnificence. But the model of the wooden ship Kearsarge always attracts attention, and everything in connection with her history is regarded with the keenest interest. Undoubtedly the handsomest model in the collection is that of the three sister ships Indiana, Massachusetts and Oregon. The card states that these are to be first-class battleships, and that the Indiana and Massachusetts are building at the yards of Cramp & Sons at Philadelphia, while the Oregon is being constructed at the Union Iron Works, San Francisco. These ships have steel hulls with a displacement of 10,200 tons each. They will be of twin screw propulsion, and, when completely fitted out, each will carry a main battery of sixteen guns.

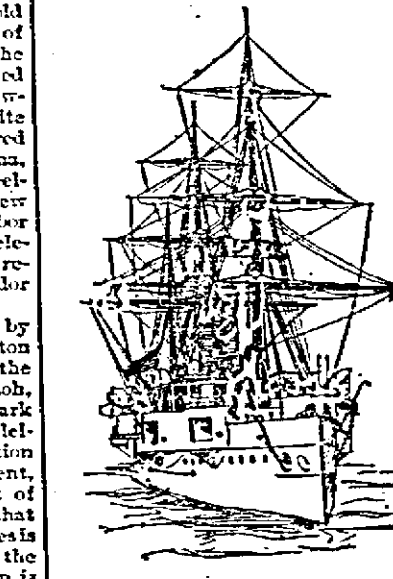
One of the recent additions to the collection is the model of the second-

class battleship Texas which is now being built at the Norfolk navy yard. The model of the Hancock is another which is viewed with interest by visitors. This vessel is used exclusively as a practice ship for the Annapolis naval cadets. Before being graduated from the academy the cadets must have had three years' actual service at sea, and the Hancock is the vessel upon which they always take their cruises. Every ambitious young naval cadet who visits Washington makes it a point to call at the navy department, and when in the building he views the model of the ship which is to be his home for three years at sea. The Hancock is of steel hull, with twin screw propulsion, and has a battery of four guns.

No matter what hour of the day one may visit the navy department, curious tourists may be seen standing before the miniature types of our modern navy. Many of them have note books in their hands, jotting down enough concerning the descriptions of the models to enable them to keep given in their memory the rights which they have seen in the national capital. But when you make a trip to Washington you may save yourself that trouble, by simply calling upon the chief clerk of the navy department whose office is near by, and over the door of whose room you may see the printed and painted sign "Chief Clerk." He is a very courteous gentleman and will hand you a little pamphlet giving descriptions of the vessels and steel engravings of them. These pamphlets you will find better reminders of what you have seen, and the dear folks and neighbors at home will have a better understanding of what you have seen, then you can possibly convey to them in words.

The visitor can also readily obtain information which will prove interesting and valuable by asking questions of the gentlemen who can always be seen in one corner of the hall, just outside of the door of the secretary of the navy, and partly surrounded by the cases containing the models. They have chairs and a writing table there, and are very busy apparently; but they usually have time to explain a few things, and particularly to gentlemen and ladies whom they recognize as strangers here. They are reporters for our daily newspapers, and there they congregate to receive information for publication concerning naval affairs.

Whoever has opportunity to look upon these models and read descriptions of their construction thrills with patriotic pride and a sense of security. These pretty little toys, bright and brilliant with their polished nickel and brass furnishings, bristling with guns



THE PRESENT.

which represent tremendous death-dealing power, represent "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean." They represent our power for defense and offense against the nations of the world, when our rights are threatened or our territory invaded. They give us all to understand that in time of peace we have been wise enough to prepare for war, and thus to make war less likely. They make every citizen feel that, manned with typical Yankee sailors, if Japan or any other nation should take us for Chinamen the originals of those battleships and cruisers would soon dispel that illusion. Ten years ago our cities on the coasts of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, and also upon the great lakes, would have been at the mercy of the navies of Chile, Italy or even little Denmark. To-day the people of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Norfolk, Charleston, Mobile, Galveston, New Orleans, San Francisco, Chicago and Detroit may feel secure, no matter what international complications might arise. Those little models, pretty and harmless, represent the new navy, the modern conditions at sea; and our naval officers and sailors can carry our flag anywhere in such ships without a blush of shame. On the contrary our ream can float over the waters of the world as proudly as the flag floats in the free air of heaven. Ten years ago, in all time-worn and obsolete wooden ships, our Yankee seamen were ashamed of their craft. These little models represent a new era. It is well that they are on exhibition in the navy department, so that our people may see, at least in miniature, what has been done during a decade for the American navy.

Alight of Hand.
When the bookkeeper fixes his books to deceive.
And then runs away with the gain.
That such a rash act is a crime, you believe.
But it simply is ledger-deceit.
—Brooklyn Life.

Absolutely Defenseless.
"You have a bad cold," he said.
"I have," she replied, huskily.
"I am so hoarse that if you attempted to kiss me I couldn't even say 'am.'"
—N. Y. Press.

Reasoning from Analogy.
Hanks—My baby is only nine months old and can talk.
Hanks—It must be a girl.—Detroit Free Press.

\$300 FOR A NAME.
This is the sum we hear the Salzer Seed Co. offer for a suitable name for their wonderful new oats. The United States department of agriculture says Salzer's oats is the best of 300 varieties tested. A great many farmers report a test yield of 200 bushels per acre last year, and are sure this can be grown and even more during 1903. Another farmer writes us he cropped 112 bushels of Salzer's Marvel Spring wheat on two and one-half acres. At such yield wheat pays at 30c per bu. One thing we know and that is that Salzer is the largest Farm Seed grower in the world and sells potatoes at \$2.50 per barrel. IF YOU WILL CUT THIS OUT AND SEND IT with 10c postage to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., LaCrosse, Wis., you get free his mammoth catalogue and a package of above \$300 PRIZE OATS. [x]

Teacups—Can any of you tell me why faced is comfortable in winter? Bright Bay (in new underwear)—It makes yeh hith about and wriggle around, and the exercise keeps yeh warm.—Good News.

Deafness Cannot be Cured
by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by a local application of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

P. J. CUREY & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, etc.
Hall's Family Pills, 25 cents.

"You say you made money in business?"
"Certainly," replied the New York police man. "What was your stock in trade?"
"It wasn't a stock in trade. It was a trade in stock."—Washington Star.

Fastest Time Ever Made from Chicago to Jacksonville, Fla.

The Moon Route (L. N. A. & C. R. Y.) has placed in effect the fastest schedule ever made between Chicago and Jacksonville, Fla. Train leaves Chicago at 8:30 p. m., arriving at Jacksonville, Fla., at 9:30 a. m. the second morning, making direct connection at that point with the morning departures of all diverging lines, and arrives at interior and Southern Florida points by daylight; St. Augustine and Palatka before noon; Ocala, Orlando, Sanford, Winter Park, Bartow and Tampa early in the afternoon; Titusville and Rockledge before supper, and Lake Worth before bedtime. The trains are re-equipped, electric lighted and steam heated, with the finest dining and sleeping car service in the world.

For further information regarding Rates, Tickets and Sleeping Car Tickets, address FRANK J. REED, G. P. A., Chicago.

Ma. Sirra—Why, you are home quite early, for a change? Mr. Sirra—Yes, my throat's swollen so I can't swallow anything.—Pack.

\$5.00 to California
Is price of double berth in Tourist Sleeping Car from Minneapolis on the famous "Pillbox-Block Island Tourist Excursion." Through cars on fast trains leave Minneapolis Tuesdays via Kansas City, Ft. Worth and El Paso, a superb southern route. Write for particulars to A. PHILLIPS & Co., 1123 Guaranty Loan Bldg., Minneapolis.

How's your infant soul?—First: rate—just like a saint. "How so?" "Sleeps in the daytime, kicks up a row at night."—Pileague Blatter.

That Old Reaper.
Father Time, who "reaps the bearded grain at a breath, and the flower of the young men," sows for a green and hale old age those who counteract the infirmities incident to increasing years with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. For rheumatism, lumbago, poverty of the blood, dyspepsia, neuralgia and torpidity of the liver, use the great tonic and health preserver methodically.

ONE OF BOSTON'S AMUSEMENTS.—"After a long spell of wearing rubbers, leaving them off is as enjoyable as a joke whispered to you in prayer time at church."—Transcript.

At Every Twinge
Of Rheumatism you should remember that relief is at hand in Hood's Sarsaparilla. Rheumatism is caused by lactic acid in the blood, which settles in the joints. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Cures
blood and removes that taint. Therefore Hood's Sarsaparilla cures rheumatism when all other remedies have failed. Give it a fair trial. "I suffered intensely with rheumatism, but Hood's Sarsaparilla has perfectly cured me." HARRY F. FITZGERALD, Winterville, Ga.

Hood's Pills are the best family cathartic.

W. L. DOUGLAS
\$3 SHOE
IS THE BEST.
FIT FOR A KING.
C. CORDOVAN,
FRENCH MANUFACTURE.
\$4.35 FINE CALF & KANGAROO
\$3.65 POLICE SHOES.
\$2.50 WORKINGMEN'S.
EXTRA FINE.
\$2.17 BOYS SCHOOL SHOES.
LADIES.
\$3.25 \$2.17
BEST DONGOLA
SEND FOR CATALOGUE
W. L. DOUGLAS
MADE IN MASS.

Over One Million People wear the
W. L. Douglas \$3 & \$4 Shoes
All our shoes are equally satisfactory
They give the best value for the money.
They equal custom shoes in style and fit.
Their wearing qualities are unsurpassed.
The prices are uniform.—stamped on sole.
From \$1 to \$5 saved over other makes.
If your dealer cannot supply you we can.

Be Independent! Don't stay poor all your life! Get a farm of your own and in a few years you will wonder why you remained in the cities and paid rent. You can secure good government, FREE OF COST, along the line of the Lake Superior division of the CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL RAILWAY, in Northern Wisconsin and Upper Michigan, or you can buy at low prices on easy terms. Address C. E. ROLLINS, 141 La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

W. L. DOUGLAS
MADE IN MASS.
Best Quality Rubber, Patent Good, One in Three. Sold by Druggists.



IS THIS JOHN BARTLETT?

as the wind sported with it. Darkness came on almost instantly and the wind constantly increased in power. We now felt its seriousness and hurried to finish the chores.

When the men returned about five o'clock, the familiar faces of the horses were lost in their thick coating of ice and snow. Icicles of frozen foam hung from their lips, their manes and tails were a clumsy mass of half-melted snow. The load of wood was a mountain of stainless snow pillars, and father in his greatest look like a polar bear. We thought it could not last, coming from that quarter.

As we were rubbing the ice from the fetlocks of the tired horses, the men predicted that we were in for an all-night storm. The hired man said he never even it snow so fast but once before. We youngsters enjoyed the

scribe the steady, solemn, implacable roar of that storm. Imagine all the roarings of the lions of Africa, the hissing of a wilderness of serpents, the lashings of great trees and the wails of a hundred women, all commingled in one ceaseless, unrelenting, rushing, diffusive, all-surrounding roar, and you may rise half way to the reality of that voice. It benumbed the brain, it appalled the heart as no other force I have ever met could have done. The sea itself in its mightiest moments could not be more absolutely horrifying.

The house shook and snapped; the snow beat in muffled rhythmic pulsations against the walls, or swirled and lashed upon the roof, like the snarl of the ocean on a gravelly beach, while the hurling streams of snow gave rise to strange multitudinous,

VOICES OF THE HUMAN HEART.

I felt the breath of the expiring year
Piercing the morning breeze, and to my sight
Glittered each star, as 'twere a frozen tear
Upon the mute and lone face of night.
Time, in our breath, that slumbers not nor
sleeps,
Marks the faint murmur of eternity
As ever round with rhythmic impulse sweeps
Sweet little eddy of the life to be.

We look, and, lo! afar doth stretch the deep
With ebb and flow amid the storm and calm,
Raising its thunderous pulses to heaven's
sleep.
Or chanting to the there a lowly psalm,
While in the ears that hear, from little hearts
That shrink and swell as with imprisoned
love,
Steal o'er the silence of their inmost parts
The nearer echoes of a voice above.
—Thomas Harkness in Chambers' Journal.

THE NUMBER THREE.

Some Curious Superstitions Regarding It
in the Popular Mind.

There is a superstition regarding the number three in the popular mind, and the third repetition of anything is generally looked upon as a crisis. Thus an article may be twice lost and recovered, but the third time that it is lost it is gone for good. Twice a man may pass through some great danger in safety, but the third time he loses his life. If, however, the mystic third can be successfully passed, all is well. Three was called by Pythagoras the perfect number, and we frequently find its use symbolical of Deity. Thus we might mention the trident of Neptune, the three forked lightning of Jove and three headed dog of Pluto. The idea of trinity is not confined to Christianity, but occurs in several religions.

In mythology also we find three fates, three furies and three graces, and coming nearer to our own times, Shakespeare introduces his three witches. In public house signs three seems to play an important part, for we frequently meet with "Three Cops," "Three Jolly Sailors," "Three Bells," "Three Tuns," "Three Feathers"—in fact, the number of almost anything of which a fertile imagination can conceive a triad. In nursery rhymes and tales this number is not unknown, and if we look back to the days of our childhood meet of us will call to mind the three wise men of Gotham who took a sea voyage in a bowl, not to mention the three blind mice that had their tails cut off by the farmer's wife. Perhaps there is some occult power in the number which governs the division of novels into three volumes and induces doctors to order their medicine to be taken three daily. It is said that some tribes of savages cannot count beyond three. But, although they may have no words to express higher numbers, perhaps we should be scarcely justified in assuming that they are incapable of appreciating the value of the latter.—New York Advertiser.

The Old Time Singing School.

In the old colonial days when the great and the great-grandmothers were young the singing school was a well established institution, writes Mary E. Estes in a very accurate article telling exactly how "the old time concert" may be reproduced at a church entertainment in Ladies' Home Journal. It was usually held in the village school-house, the schoolmaster often figuring as the singing master. Thither at regular intervals through the long winter months tripped the grandmas with their escorts. Little did they imagine as they lifted up their sweet voices in unison with the strong tenors and basses that those same airs, even the very gowns they wore, would at some distant day be reproduced for the benefit of an appreciative audience. Yet it may be safely asserted that with the exception of the colonial tea the old folks' concert is the most popular of the old time entertainments.

The success of an undertaking of this sort depends largely upon the adaptability for her office of the person having the affair in hand. She must of necessity have an accurate conception of the manner in which these entertainments were conducted in our grandmothers' day. She must also become thoroughly imbued with the spirit of hal olden time.

The Polite British Waiter.

The extreme politeness of the average English waiter is a continual source of merriment.
He thanks you when he brings your soup, again when he brings your napkin, when he takes away your plate, when he happens to find you looking at him—in fact, he says, "Thank you," at every turn, and says it in such a jerky, mechanical fashion that you cannot repress a smile. His example is followed by the bus conductor, who thanks you for your fare and thanks you again when he hands you your ticket, and by the theater usher when he seats you, and by every servant you meet, in the most in appropriate manner. They overdo the "thank you" business, and always employ the same jerky manner and mechanical tone.—Chicago Record.

Budding Creatures.

Sea anemones and some other marine creatures of low degree increase their species by budding. A small knot or wart appears on the body of the animal, and by and by develops into a perfect, though minute animal of the same species, separates from its parent and sets up in business for itself.

A Tragic Complication.

"So you refuse me?" said Charley Callow bitterly.
"Of course," said the charming widow.
"Won't you even be a sister to me?"
"No. I'm engaged to marry your father. I'll be a mother to you."—Washington Star.

A pair of spectacles cost in the sixteenth century at least \$5.50. It was fashionable to wear them, and the larger they were the better they were supposed to support the dignity of the wearer.

The swordfish does not use its terrible weapon as a dagger, but as a nail.

BIG PAY FOR TEA TASTERS.

One Expert Is Reported to Receive a Salary of \$50,000 a Year.

"Since the Canadian Pacific railroad was completed and a line of steamers established from the Orient," said a tea taster to a reporter, "immense cargoes of tea have been going there from China, Japan and other countries. It has been my business to examine and taste various samples from these cargoes. I have also visited Ceylon and nearly all of the tea growing countries of the Orient to observe the mode of putting up the tea. It is astonishing the way they manage it adulterate it over there. The packers are so skillful that they slip in a great deal of inferior tea and work it off under good brands. This makes the merchants who afterward handle it complain. Packages of tea of a certain brand will be found all that could be desired, while other packages bearing the same brand and in the same cargo will be highly adulterated. As this tea is very costly, there is need of experts to examine it. They must be good ones, for everything depends for the time being on their judgment. A taster can only taste a few hours at a time, when he is weakened and has to take a rest. Besides this, when he begins a job of tasting, he must take special pains to get himself in shape for it. I was about six weeks getting myself ready for examining some cargoes in the warehouses here for the government. Before I began I did not taste intoxicants in any form and did not even smoke. At the same time I was careful not to eat strong peppers or spices, or, in fact, anything that could distort the taste. One must be in as perfect condition, in order to properly judge of the teas he tastes, as a horse is when prepared for the Derby. He must be at his best and must feel that he is. The best tea tasters of the country make enormous sums, considering the time employed; \$10,000 a year is a low sum, and oftentimes from \$20,000 to \$50,000 is made, and even more. I know a man in the business who makes \$50,000. It all depends on his standing, the number of times he is called as a taster and what he can endure."—San Francisco Examiner.

HE BATTERED HIS OWN CLOTHES.

His Bright Cook Succeeded in Getting the Better of Him.

A citizen of Kiev, Russia, found fault with the dinner prepared by his new cook and rashly embodied his criticism in cutting sarcasms. The young woman heard him in silence. In the evening he knocked up against a man in a deserted little street, and when he ventured to remonstrate he was vigorously assaulted. Unable to get the better of his adversary, he determined to do what he could at least to identify him later on, and with this object in view tore his assailant's fashionable clothes into shreds. On his return home, some few hours later, he found the cook standing at the door, ready to shake the dust of his house off her feet. The gentleman, whose wounds and bruises left him in no very amiable mood, simply said: "Joy be with you! Some time will pass before you get another place. And as to character—well, trust me to give you one that will stick."

On the following morning he discovered that his best clothes in the wardrobe were in tatters and his glossy silk hat an unsightly wreck. Hastily summoning the other servants to the room, he angrily asked them what they knew about the matter, whereupon the nurse replied that the cook, in one of her freaks of fun, had donned her master's garments and gone out to walk in them the evening before, sticking on an artificial mustache to help to keep up the illusion. Then it dawned upon the wretched man that his assailant of the day before was the touchy, turbulent cook. Less than a fortnight later he received a letter through the city post informing him, in somewhat ungrammatical but unmistakable language, "You lied about the place, respected sir, when you said I could not get another if I left yours. I've been in five different places since then, and I'll be going to the sixth next Monday. Trusting your bones isn't aching, Frenchie Praskovitch."—San Francisco Argonaut.

The Night Conductor's Courtship.

The conductors on the night runs are usually more genial than those who look after the fares in the daytime. Just why this should be so is not quite clear, but the fact that most of them conduct affairs of the heart with young women who are engaged in domestic service during the daytime may have something to do with it. In making assignments the aim usually is to put the married men on the day runs and the single men on at night. As soon as the evening dishes are out of the way the lady in whom he is interested boards his car, and between one end of the line and the other they manage to have a lengthy tête-à-tête. The gripman is more fortunately situated than the conductor in this respect, as his little chats are not subject to frequent interruptions, as the conductor's are.—Chicago Tribune.

Rules to Regulate Our Conduct.

A man should be wise in dispute, a lion in the battle and conflict, a teacher in his household, a counselor in the nation, an arbitrator in his vicinity, conscientious in action, content with his state, regular in his habits, diligent in his calling, faithful in his friendship, temperate in his pleasure, deliberate in his speech, devoted to his God. So he will be happy in his life, easy in his death and an esteemed example to his successors.—New York Ledger.

A chapel in honor of St. Paul gave a new name to the Minnesota city. It was originally called Pig's Eye, from a nickname given to a one-eyed Frenchman who kept a drinking shanty at the place.

The Pond d' Oreille lake, in Idaho, took its name from its shape, which resembles that of an ear.

WHEN I WAS A BOY.

Up in the attic where I sleep
When I was a boy—a little boy—
In through the lattice the moonlight crept
Bringing a tide of dreams that swept
Over the low, red trundle bed.
Thinking the tangled curly head,
While my eyes played a hide and seek
With dimples on cheeks and brows and cheek—
When I was a boy—a little boy!

And, oh! the dreams—the dreams I dreamed
When I was a boy—a little boy—
For the moon that through the lattice streamed
Once my faded eyelids seemed
To have the gift of prophecy
And to bring me glimpses of times to be
When my hand's clasp seemed to call—
Ah! that was the sweetest dream of all,
When I was a boy—a little boy!

I'd like to sleep where I used to sleep
When I was a boy—a little boy—
For in at the lattice the moon would peep
Bringing her tide of dreams to sweep
The cross and graces of the years away
From the heart that is weary and faint today.
And those dreams should give me back again
The peace I have never known since then—
When I was a boy—a little boy!

—Eugene Field in Chicago Record.

BUYING PRECIOUS STONES.

Some of the Valuable Gems and What They Are Made Of.

Buying jewels is as hazardous as buying horses, and could anything possibly be more risky than the latter? While sapphires have occasionally been sold as diamonds, and as proof that white topaz may easily be confused with them one has only to recall the fact that the largest diamond in the world, the Braganza, belonging to the crown of Portugal and valued at \$58,000,000, is by many considered to be only a topaz. Carbon, in a pure crystallized state, is in every color of the rainbow, red, orange, green, blue and even black, and occasionally the colored are as valuable as a brilliant of the same size.

The jewels next in hardness to the diamond are the sapphire and the ruby, called by experts corundum, or crystallized clay. Blue corundum is called sapphire; red, ruby; green, oriental emerald; orange, oriental topaz, and violet, oriental amethyst. The word oriental distinguishes these from real emerald, topaz and amethyst, which are distinct minerals.

The largest and most famous ruby in the world forms part of the imperial state crown made for Queen Victoria in 1838. It is believed that this ruby was worn in front of the helmet of Henry V at Agincourt.

The most precious sapphires and rubies, when cut and polished, show rays from the center to the sides in the form of a six pointed star. On this account they are called star sapphires or rubies. It is difficult to produce a gem upon these stones on account of their exceeding hardness, but there are a few good intaglios and cameos extant in both—one, a cameo head of Cupid, by Isler, one a sapphire; another, a front face cameo head of Diana on a ruby, by Pistrucci.

Topaz is the next jewel in degree of hardness. It consists of about half clay, one-third flint and the rest fluorine acid. The best are yellow, with sometimes a greenish tinge. Some found in Brazil are perfectly colorless and are called "norvina" diamonds. They are more brilliant when polished than any jewel. There are a few blue topazes found—these are taken by the uninitiated for sapphires.—Philadelphia Press.

An Expert Opinion.

An old watchman, who used to keep guard in the department of justice, from long association with the legal lights in the building believed he had imbibed a fair share of learning in the law, and so when one night a telegram addressed to the attorney general came after hours he had no hesitancy in opening it and reading its message. It asked the question, "Is a man to be held responsible for a crime committed while under the influence of liquor?" The watchman pondered over this message for some time, and, as he knew what the influence of liquor was, he sent the laconic answer: "No indeed. (Signed) John Jones, in charge of department of justice." Of course there was an immediate attack on the attorney general for such a decision, and the matter came to the ears of the department. An investigation was made and the watchman suspended for three months. That did not worry him, however. With effrontery that simply dumfounded the clerks, he came to the building every pay day during that time of suspension and drew his salary.—Kato Field's Washington.

A Quack Postoffice.

One of the strangest postoffices in the world is away down at Terra del Fuoco, in the toe end of the big shoe, which is what the map of South America looks like. The "office" is a big barrel, and it is fastened to a rock overlooking the straits of Magellan. Every ship that rounds Cape Horn stops at this odd postoffice. A boat puts out to the shore with letters to be left, and the sailor who takes them looks over those already in the barrel, taking out and bringing away with him any that his ship can forward to their destination. Then he fastens the cover on the barrel with his hook and staple, and the queer old postoffice is left to itself until the next ship comes by.—New York Times.

Preserving Wood.

It is said that wood may be thoroughly preserved by being impregnated with a strong solution of calcium bisulphate and afterward with caustic lime. The pores are thus filled with the two solutions, which are oxidized by exposure to the air and become practically a part of the wood itself.

Hannibal was ruined by marriage. After his first victorious campaigns in Italy he went into winter quarters at Capua, where he married, and the wedding festivities lasted until his army was demoralized, and always afterward was worthless for fighting purposes.

A decapitated snail, kept in a moist place, will in a few weeks grow a new head quite as serviceable and good looking as that which was taken away.

THACKERAY WAS ANGRY.

The Sailors Who Intended to Play a Trick Changed Their Minds.

Once upon a time the daughters of Thackeray saw that good man thoroughly and heartily angry—angry to the point of profanity. It was during their Italian journey, when they were returning to the ship in Genoa harbor after a day on the shore.
"We had to be on board at a certain time," Mrs. Ritchie says in her Macmillan paper, "so that we engaged a carriage and drove quickly to the quay, where the convicts, clanking in their chains, were still at work. A boat was found, rowed by some sailors, who certainly did not wear chains, but who were otherwise not very unlike those industrious convicts in appearance. The bargain was made, we all five entered the boat, and as we were getting in we could see our great ship in the twilight, looking bigger than ever, and one rock, and then another going off toward the dawning stars.

"They are signaling for us," said one of our companions. "We shall soon be on board."

"We had pulled some 20 strokes from the shore by this time when suddenly the boatmen left off rowing. They put down their oars, and one of them began talking volubly, though I could not understand what he said. 'What's to be done?' said one of the young men to my father. They say they won't go on unless we give them 50 francs more," and he began shaking his head and remonstrating in broken Italian. The boatmen paid no attention, shrugging their shoulders and waiting as if they were determined never to row another stroke. Then the steamer sent up two more rockets, which rose through the twilight, bidding us hurry, and then suddenly my father rose up in the stern of the boat where he was sitting, and, standing tall and erect and in an anger such as I had never seen him in before or after in all my life, he shouted out in loud and impatient English, "D— you, go on!" a simple malediction which carried more force than all the Italian polysyllables and expostulations of our companions. To our surprise and great relief, the men seemed frightened; they took to their oars again and began to row, grumbling and muttering. When we got on board the ship, they told us it was a well known trick the Genoese boatmen were in the habit of playing upon travelers and that they would have sent a boat for us if we had delayed any longer."

A Bad Begging.

Here is a story told by a city curate, to whom the experience happened on the occasion of his first wedding. The rector had told him to be careful to fill up the register with the correct ages of the bride and bridegroom. The ceremony having been gone through, the happy couple, who were of mature age, adjourned to the vestry to sign the register.

The bridegroom, when asked his age, gave it at once as 60, but the bride, with the modesty natural to the sex, merely said she was of full age, while when remonstrated with she pertly told the curate that it was not the first time she had gone through the ceremony, and she meant to insist upon her rights.

Finally, as the bride remained obdurate, the bridegroom, thinking to put matters straight, told the curate the age. Far from serving as the oil on the waters, this only made matters worse, for the bride flew into a passion and insisted upon the bridegroom telling her how he knew her age.

"I looked at your family Bible, my dear," was the quiet rejoinder.
"And what right had you, pray, to take such a liberty before we were married?" And the two, who had come to church as affectionate as a pair of turtles, left in a pet. The curate who was responsible is still wondering what was the final upshot of this unfortunate incident.—London Tit-Bits.

Not So Easily Deceived.

It is laughable—and sometimes sad, too—to see the devices adopted by the people who take a pitcher or a can to the saloon for beer.

A man has no way to hide it, and he is generally the most sensitive on the subject. Sometimes he will put it in a paper. Often he will take out a large bottle and stuff it in his pocket, and I saw one man hide a pitcher with his broad brimmed hat and saunter away from a saloon bareheaded.

Women use their aprons as covers, though I never observed one yet who didn't make her errand all the more conspicuous by this means.

One servant girl placed a can of beer at the foot of a baby's perambulator and covered it with a shawl, and I expected the amber fluid to scatter in all directions.

I know of one woman who used to send out a tin can marked "milk"—often the stage fashion of labeling poisons, liquors, etc.—but I don't think it ever deceived any one.—New York Recorder.

A Candid Confession.

Father of the Bridegroom—Before cementing this close relationship I think it but right to tell you that I once had a little unpleasantness which involved the loss of my liberty for a considerable period. Both my daughters are, I am sorry to say, rather flighty, my dear wife is suffering from kleptomania, and my son was mixed up in a little forgery affair. Won't that make any difference?

Father of the Bride—Not the slightest! From the fact that I am quite in favor of our alliance you may judge how matters stand in my family.—Schalk.

In England there are 114 widows to every 54 widowers. In Italy their relative numbers (per 1,000 women and 1,000 men) are 136 and 60, in France 130 and 73, in Germany 120.5 and 50, in Australia 121 and 44.

Neversink, the name of a New York river, is a corruption of Ne-wa-sink, an Indian word meaning "Mad river."

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